The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXVI | NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1921 | NUMBER 328

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The Week

SOME forty years ago the boundary between Panama and Costa Rica was approximately a straight line. It was continually in dispute, and in 1914 a line vaguely fixed by President Loubet of France was more exactly redrawn by the arbitration of Chief Justice White. This line made a compromise zigzag across the old frontier, giving to Panama a triangular slice, in the mainland, formerly held by Costa Rica, and to Costa Rica two slices of land, one on the Atlantic and another on the Pacific, of what formerly belonged to Panama. But this line was never put into effect, and it was Costa Rica's forcible attempt to put it into effect, by occupying the strip assigned to her on the Pacific, that was the cause of the recent quarrel. Panama complained that Costa Rica was willing to enforce the territorial decision where it was to her advantage, but not in the case of the triangle in the mainland, which Panama legally possesses but has never occupied. She also complained, in answer to the United States note, that the award of Justice White was unacceptable to her, that his line was an arbitrary one drawn without sufficient study of the facts. And, said Panama, Costa Rica's only excuse for not turning over to her the inland triangle was a professed inability to understand the terms of the award.

THE position of Costa Rica seemed to be that Panama was actually in possession of this piece of land, and that since Panama would not allow a portion of the award unfavorable to her to be enforced—that is in the case of the land taken away from her on the Pacific—Costa Rica might take the land herself. Another grievance; "Panama," said Señor Acosta, the President of Costa Rica, "has invaded new regions which have never been in dispute." Señor Acosta admits that the award of 1914 "definitely settled" the boundary dispute. For Costa Rica then, it was only a question of enforcement. For Panama it was something more: the original award was arbitrary and unacceptable. For both republics the quarrel involved a national honor peculiarly sensitive to injury. What of the part of the United States in this quarrel? Secretary Hughes acted with a firmness and speed that reminds one of the days of Roosevelt. Perhaps his action was calculated so to remind us. For certainly one of the things the Republicans are most anxious to impress upon us is the contrast of their methods with the slow indecisive motions of the last administration. They have made a point of pride of Roosevelt methods; they have promised us a hand quick on the trigger, and they are evidently going to live up to the promise.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S last official words, explaining his reasons for vetoing the Fordney Tariff bill, were clear and sensible. He imagines, and we thoroughly agree, that while the Fordney bill was an emergency measure, it was "intended as a foundation for action of a similar nature of

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a very general and permanent character." Any such general protection Mr. Wilson knows to be unnecessary and harmful—"if there ever was a time when America had anything to fear from foreign competition, that time has passed." He points out the inconsistency of the action of Congress in restoring some of the activities of the War Finance Corporation, in order to make foreign markets more accessible to the farmer, and shortly afterwards passing a tariff measure whose ultimate consequences would be to restrict these markets. What the farmer needs is an outlet for his own products, not a dam against those of foreigners. And Mr. Wilson solemnly warns the Republicans. The people, he says, protested against the Payne-Aldrich tariff, and will protest again against any "policy of legislation for selfish interests which will foster monopoly and increase the disposition to look upon the government as an instrument for private gain."

MAJORITY and minority reports were made, according to party affiliations, by the members of a House sub-committee which was investigating American military operations of November 11th, 1918. There were of course, the two extremes, the Republicans who shouted about the "slaughter" of soldiers under the ultimate command of a Democratic administration, and the Democrats who resented the "slur" cast by the Republicans for partisan purposes on generals who came out of the war as heroes. If we trusted to the interested arguments of either of these partisans we should know little enough of the real truth. Fortunately the facts are there to speak for themselves. At least twenty-four hours before 11 A. M., November 11th, 1918, every responsible Allied officer knew the war was sure to be over the next day. Our officers knew this as well as the rest. And unmilitary Americans will always feel a pang of sadness not unmixed with bitterness to think that two hundred and sixty-eight of our soldiers were killed on Armistice Day.

THE Lever act is no more. The Supreme Court has found that punishment for profiteering under its provisions is invalid, on the ground that its wording contains no "ascertainable standard" of what constitutes an "unjust or unreasonable" charge. And so the hundreds of prosecutions aganst profiteers still left over from the war, and the few new ones since then, are halted. Doubtless the Supreme Court is perfectly right, and the Lever act supplied nothing definite enough to convict the profiteers. The effect of this decision on millions of people who may be blind to the strictly legal truth, and who see nothing beyond the clear and simple fact that dealers who wilfully preyed on them are not to be punished for it, is easily imaginable. And the coal miners, likewise making no nice distinction between what is legally correct and what is not, will remember the Lever act as two-edged—sharp toward them, dulled toward the profiteers.

IN 1912 the Steel Corporation's stockholders recommended that "steps should be taken now" to abolish the twelve-hour day. One of those stockholders, the late Charles M. Cabot, established a fund for inquiring into the twelve-hour day. The results of a careful investigation made under this fund have just been published by the Survey. The long day is far from being abolished: the corporation's latest figures, those for August 1919, show that thirty-nine per cent of its employees were working twelve hours. In the purely steel making processes, in the blast furnaces, open hearths, and rolling mills, of one subsidiary, the Carnegie Steel Company, this per cent was sixty-five. The effects of such long hours are obvious. Foreigners who work a twelve-hour day have no time to learn English and fit themselves to be citizens; the men are too tired to do anything but eat, sleep, work, eat and sleep again. Socially, the long day is wasteful; industrially, it has been proved to be inefficient. Then why should the United States, with its twelve-hour day in the steel mills, trail any longer behind Great Britain, France, Germany, Spain, Italy and even Japan, with their shorter hours?

THE twelve-hour day cannot last much longer. This idea has at last taken root within the Steel Corporation itself, for it has appointed a committee to report on the advisability of changing from two to three shifts. Of course the difficulties are considerable. There are two chief objections to the change. Judge Gary told Miss Adele Shaw —one of the writers in the Survey—that the cost of the change in the United States Steel Corporation alone would be from eighty to one hundred million dollars. Miss Shaw shows how this figure could be cut to nearer twenty millions by not paying for the new eight-hour day as much as for the twelve-hour day. What, she points out, is twenty millions beside the corporation's half billion surplus? The other objection, that it would be impossible to find labor enough to man a whole new shift in the steel industry, is particularly empty just now, when there are anywhere from two to three million men out of work

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all over the country. If the Steel Corporation's Committee has any plan to change to three shifts, now is the time to put it into effect.

ONE of the last acts of President Wilson was the signature of a resolution repealing the amendment to the Espionage act that was passed on May 16th, 1918. The Espionage act itself remains, in a state of suspension, until the next war automatically revives it, but the amendment, which, to say the least, was so widely at variance with American traditions, has been wiped off the books. We must be thankful for that. At least it is a step in the right direction. The amendment was a typical product of war hysteria. Let us recall some of its phraseology. Under its provisions a fine of $10,000 or twenty years imprisonment or both faced anyone who, while the United States was at war, should "wilfully utter, print, write or publish any disloyal, profane, scurrilous or abusive language about the form of government of the United States, or the Constitution . . . or the military and naval forces . . . or the flag of the United States . . . or any language intended to bring the form of government of the United States . . . or the flag . . . or the uniform . . . into contempt, scorn, contumely or disrepute . . . or suggest the doing of any of the acts or things . . . enumerated . . ."

IN his admirable book, Freedom of Speech, Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., has ably characterized this measure. "The chief importance of the new crimes created by the Espionage act of 1918," he says, "is in their effect on future wars . . . The 1918 clauses have nothing to do with war. They may be used during some petty struggle with Haiti to arrest and imprison for twenty years an excitable advocate of the repeal of the eighteenth amendment or the abolition of the Senate . . . Particularly dangerous are the clauses about the army and navy. They would surely be invoked by advocates of compulsory military service against their opponents, if they wished to take advantage of any hostilities to fasten conscription upon the nation as a continuous policy. They make any scathing criticism of military methods a very perilous matter in future wars even for the most loyal and eminent civilians (no intent to favor the enemy being required by the statute), and raise the army and navy . . . beyond the range of ordinary outspoken discussion." This act was more rigorous than the Sedition act of 1798, for in 1798 the truth of the statements made was a defense, whereas under the 1918 act a statement of the "soundest truths about our form of government" may be punishable by twenty years in prison. We are well rid of this act. Let us hope that no future war will see it revived to darken our essential liberties.

A LONG series of false rumors, imaginary uprisings, fantastic assassinations of Lenin and imprisonments of Trotsky, have taught one to be very slow about believing news from Russia. So, the first day the newspapers carried stories of revolts at Kronstadt, execution of commissars, the march of the Reds against the Rebels, one did not feel convinced that there was anything serious behind them. This time something lively is evidently going on. Soviet sources themselves admit that Petrograd is in a state of siege. Their explanation that the revolt is the work of Socialists and foreign agitators we seem to have heard before elsewhere. Krassin says it is confined to Kronstadt. Lenin says the government has lived through far worse crises. The crisis is at any rate serious enough to lend color to the view that the Soviet government is going to have a much harder time maintaining itself when not under the pressure of foreign attack.

Beyond the Indemnity Question

THERE has been great sound and fury of big figures at London, big figures that mean nothing, as the statesmen who have evolved them know, except as material for feeding up the flame of popular delusion. Briand and Lloyd George present to the Germans a bill which is manifestly higher than any that will ever be paid. It is their minimum, they solemnly assert. Whether it is to be paid in checks or in cash, and other details of the manner and method of payment may be settled by agreement, but as to the principle, that is, the amount of the tribute, that is beyond discussion. The Germans offer as an alternative a sum that manifestly falls below the cost of reparations. That is their maximum, all that Germany can possibly pay, they assert. Rather than go above it, they will accept the sanctions of the Treaty invasion, military domination. The Allied statesmen rage and proceed to seize the coal ports on the Rhine, to place themselves in a position to snuff out German industry altogether. The Germans fold their hands and point to the menace of Germany going Bolshevik and joining forces with Soviet Russia.

The Germans, as Dr. Simons has candidly confessed, were "talking through windows"—an awkward Teutonic slang phrase which appears to be equivalent to "bunk." Lloyd George and Briand have made no such confession, nor could they safely do so. The rules of their game do not admit of can-

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dor. But sooner or later it will become tolerably clear to the British and the French public that there is no irreducible minimum, no insuperable maximum, in this transaction. The French and British are going to get all the money they can and the Germans are going to give no more than they can help. Neither side can wish to bring on the moral horror of a European war over a mere money question. Territorial questions, national honor—the youth of the nations will give their lives for these. But a war for five billions or ten billions of dollars—that would present a difficult problem in morale. It would present a difficult problem, moreover, in finance, since it would involve new expenses greatly exceeding such indemnities as may now be had, and leave the treasuries of victors and vanquished alike in a state far worse than that of the present.

The conflict of the statesmen, in so far as the outsider is permitted to see it, is essentially a theatrical conflict, and there is every reason for expecting from it nothing more than a theatrical settlement. The sanctions are being applied; the Germans are being shown how substantial Allied unity is, how real the menace of force. After a reasonable period of blustering, payments will be dictated and accepted, with reservations on both sides. In the meantime, unless European statesmanship is utterly bankrupt, there must be going on behind the scenes negotiations dealing not with imaginary financial sums, but with the real items of the European economic system: coal and raw materials, mechanical power, markets. How, in the next decades, can the German productive machinery be kept at work repairing the wastes of war in the Allied countries, without creating too great an industrial preponderance on the part of Germany? Shall the Germans help to rebuild the houses and factories they destroyed, reopen the mines they put out of commission? Shall they assume the place, formerly occupied by England, of coal purveyor to the coalless lands of northern Europe and the Mediterranean basin? Shall they build up a vast export to neutral countries in order to earn balances that may be paid over to the victors? Such is the character of the real questions that lie behind the indemnity figures.

Now, it cannot be believed that the financiers are content with the simple solution of definite money payments, reasonable or unreasonable. Any indemnity that would be fair to the Allies must inevitably produce far-reaching changes in European commerce and industry. It is a matter of surpassing importance to England and France to control those changes, in order that they may not be left enfeebled when the period of German serfdom comes to an end. Various schemes for such control have already been brought forward. One of them, of French origin, proposes an international pooling of materials and manufactured products. Germany would be used as an instrument of production, but the international marketing of products would be carried on under Allied control. That would leave the Allies supreme in commerce when the indemnity was extinguished. Another proposal, reported from Berlin, involves some sort of pooling of German and Allied industrial and financial capital. It is not difficult to conceive of an arrangement by which stocks in German concerns might be conveyed to the British and French governments, in part payment of the indemnity, and realized on through sale to British and French industrial concerns. Thus partial control of the German iron industry might be transferred to the British and French iron industries, with the result that the export trade of the three countries would be governed by a community of interest which would remove the risk of cut-throat competition.

No one can have any confidence in a settlement which runs merely in terms of cash payments from Germany extending through a period of thirty or forty years. What guarantee can there be that the international political situation will be such, every year out of the next thirty or forty, that Germany can be compelled to pay? Some other relation than that of the cash indemnity will have to be established, some relation that does not depend for its maintenance upon the exigencies of party politics and the ambitions of politicians. And there seems to be little doubt that the financiers had hoped that under the indemnity negotiations such financial and industrial arrangements could be made, to the permanent advantage of the Allied nations.

But finance and industry should have learned before this time that the politician is a terribly dangerous instrument to employ. He has his own ends to attain, and these may involve that most treacherous of expedients, an appeal to the war passions of the people. Those passions, once aroused, are not always controllable. The Allied statesmen have aroused popular feeling to sanction the seizure of additional German soil. That may be effected peaceably, and be maintained without disorder. It may, however, produce sporadic resistance, reprisals, general strikes and in the end a desperate uprising of the vanquished. All Europe may again plunge downward toward chaos. Lloyd George declared with histrionic magnificence that the die had been cast. So it has; and what the outcome may be no one can say. It may be disaster; it may merely be a retardation of European recovery. The only thing that appears certain is that no progress toward peace and security can come of it.

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Inaugurated

Ephraim feedeth on wind.—Hosea, XII. 1.

EVEN President Harding, who believes in getting together and talking things over and fixing things up, has his adamant side. His campaign speeches revealed certain convictions as to which there was no variableness in him, neither shadow of turning. His inaugural address, which has had almost as many readers as commentators, deepens the impression made last summer. Consultation is good, discussion and adjustment are good, but only in a restricted field. Even were the best minds unanimous, which they seldom are, and unanimously against him, which they are not yet, they could not shake his faith. With his whole heart he believes that in the great war "there was no American failure to resist the attempted reversion of civilization," that "our supreme task is the resumption of our onward normal way," that "pride in things wrought is no reflex of the completed task," that "there is a public mandate in manifest understanding," that "in understanding, in mutuality of interest, in concern for the common good, our tasks will be solved."

Well, any man may believe all these things, especially if he does not quite know what they all mean, without exposing himself to a charge of narrow dogmatism. Such a charge is in our opinion unjust. It will be due, whenever it is made, to a slight excess of earnestness in President Harding's style, particularly to the kind of earnestness that seeks self-expression by using the verb "must" rather often.

A careless reader might imagine, from the form of the following sentence, that upon this subject, too, the President had resolved not to be open-minded: "Where genius has made for great possibilities, justice and happiness must be reflected in the common welfare." Although we cannot recall having voted for him or otherwise sought to aggravate his majority, we deny that this sentence is the work of a closed mind. No doubt he would be willing to consider, and to listen to argument in support of, this opposed opinion: "Where the common welfare has made for genius, great possibilities must be reflected in justice and happiness." Probably he would not deny to even a third opinion, lying between the other two, its day in court: "Where great possibilities have made for justice and happiness, the common welfare must be reflected in genius." When President Harding says "we must strive for normalcy to reach stability" he does not imply resolved deafness to those men of preserved good will who agree with him as to the end, who differ from him only as to the means, and who may later approach him, after careful meditation and profound deliberation, with the suggestion that "we must strive for stability to reach normalcy."

And it is worth noting, provided the note be made without surprise, that the nearer President Harding comes to the concrete questions that divide men, the less dogmatic he grows. Single sentences, torn from their context, may have a dogmatic ring, or thud: "There is a luring fallacy in the theory of banished barriers of trade, but preserved American standards require our higher production costs to be reflected in our tariff on imports." It sounds pretty high-and-dry, if you swallow it neat, but it is followed by this chaser: "We know full well we cannot sell where we do not buy." In one sentence there is good cheer for the bitter-enders: "Since freedom impelled and independence inspired and nationality exalted, a world super-government is contrary to everything we cherish and can have no sanction by our Republic." In another there is hope for those who want a League of Nations: "We want to do our part in making offensive warfare so hateful that governments and peoples who resort to it must prove the righteousness of their cause or stand as outlaws before the bar of civilization."

From this character of the inaugural, plus its respectful reception at home and abroad, one or two inferences may be drawn. The Presidency of the United States is an office of sufficient dignity to protect, at times, its occupant from spontaneous comment. There are, at times, practically no limits to mankind's good will and sense of decency. One of these times is Inauguration Day. And so it comes about that the Inaugural is treated, in public, with a respect which unhappily it does not deserve, and which is quite unlike what people say about it in private. Most of us in this country are romantic optimists at heart. But we have not yet forgotten the war. We know that many years must go by, years of want and work and bitter conflict and hard thought, before the world will be as good a place to live in as it was before August, 1914. President Harding's optimism is extreme. He has a vague sense of responsibility without a corresponding sense of the difficult facts. It would not be easy to find in his address any evidence that he is aware of the obstacles to "understanding" and "good will." Why not acknowledge now, instead of later, that to expect much from the author of this Inaugural is to be as unwisely optimistic about President Harding as President Harding is about the whole world? Unless he reaps where he has not sown he will gather no harvest.

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A Letter from Mr. Gompers

ON February 28th, Mr. Gompers wrote to the New Republic as follows:

Sir: It is with considerable interest that I notice in your publication that Mr. Sidney Howard has made an investigation and is writing a series of articles upon labor espionage in industry.

The purpose of my writing is to say that I have to correct the very serious mis-statement, more than likely unintentional, that "he (Mr. Sidney Howard) tells us, also that there were A. F. of L. officials who denied that industrial espionage exists." It is inconceivable how such a statement could be made by Mr. Howard for there is nothing else better known than the wide-spread labor espionage, which is being carried on and is so persistently followed by the numerous so-called private detective agencies. Indeed, it is generally known that more than 80 per cent of the activities of all the private detective agencies is to carry on the work of labor espionage and their operators, in addition, provoke controversies between workers and employers and use it for such provocation before the workers are at all prepared to meet the situation.

Before committees of Congress and before the United States Industrial Committee I produced documentary evidence showing the ramification of this labor espionage. I published considerable of their machinations in the American Federationist, the official magazine of the American Federation of Labor.

I repeat that it is almost inconceivable to me how Mr. Howard could have attributed the action to any officer of the A. F. of L., and I doubt very much that he could mention the name of one.

For the reason that I do not care to have our movement placed in so questionable a position, I ask that you may see the reason for the publication of this letter in your magazine.

SAMUEL GOMPERS,
President, American Federation of Labor.

We are glad to publish this statement from Mr. Gompers and we do not wish to press the matter to a controversy. Nevertheless, the statement made by Mr. Howard is true, inconceivable as it seems to Mr. Gompers and to us. That officials of th A. F. of L. should, in more than one instance, have put Mr. Howard off with a blanket denial of knowledge of espionage is only an additional bit of evidence of the insidious work of the System. His investigation convinces us that the ramifications of industrial espionage reach farther and higher than the public suspects or, perhaps, even than Mr. Gompers himself suspects. It has undoubtedly corrupted many elements in the labor movement and created an atmosphere of suspicion which, in itself, is a most serious evil.

We can furnish Mr. Gompers with an affidavit showing that on several occasions, local and national, A. F. of L. officials denied all knowledge of espionage to Mr. Howard. We are also prepared to supply him with information showing with reasonable certainty that, in one large industrial city, a visit paid by Mr. Howard and Mr. Dunn to the office of the Federation was reported to a detective agency by one of the union officials with whom they talked. We are also prepared to demonstrate to him that, in the course of Mr. Howard's investigation, although he carried unquestionable credentials, he was denied access to much valuable evidence on espionage which, as he knew, had been gathered by A. F. of L. unions and placed in the hands of national officials, who, in turn, denied knowledge of its existence. Indeed, since the publication of the present series of articles commenced, although these officials have shown the material in question to associates of Mr. Howard's, they have persistently refused any cooperation to his investigation.

We draw no further inferences from these facts than that made in our introduction to Mr. Howard's series, i. e. that "there were A. F. of L. officials who denied that industrial espionage exists." The statement was made, however, because Mr. Howard's experience seemed to show that in the process of destroying this poisonous institution, it will be necessary to do a certain amount of housecleaning within the A. F. of L. itself. The matter requires an intensive federal investigation conducted with the full and fearless cooperation of all trade unions. The material now being published in Mr. Howard's series establishes a prima facie case of such weight that no group of men interested in decent industrial relations can afford to avoid pursuing the subject to its conclusion.

The material as published is naturally limited to those incidents so conclusively established as to be incontrovertible. In the course of the investigation, however, a great mass of material was turned up, providing clues for a much more intensive investigation, such as a government body or the A. F. of L. alone is in a position to make.

Mine Labor Moves Forward

IT is difficult to overestimate the gains that have been won through the traditional methods of the trade unions. Where general economic conditions have been favorable to rigid craft organization, decent standards of living have been established, excessive hours and inhuman speeding have been abolished. What is of even greater importance, the whole working class has found its moral position strengthened by the example of wage earners living like free men, with a voice in the determi-

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nation of their own conditions of employment. Absolute and arbitrary control of industry is no longer even claimed by employers of the better sort, although two generations ago such control was generally conceived to be the necessary and salutary concomitant of an economic system based upon private property.

All this and much more we owe to the activities of the old line trade unions. It is not surprising that most of the men who have given their lives to the elaboration of methods that have thus proved successful in a high degree should cling to those methods, as the dominant faction of the American Federation of Labor is doing, and should view askance anything that looks like a radical departure from them. And yet the old tactics appear, as the economists would say, to be subject to a law of diminishing return. Railway labor, for example, is evidently caught between the nether millstone of a public that can not pay higher rates and the upper millstone of a railway management that can not reduce the amounts appropriated to interest and dividends without incurring risk of insolvency.

The only way out, short of revolutionary change, appears to be elimination of wastes, increased efficiency. Here lies a vital interest of labor,then, which is not touched by the methods of collective bargaining, conciliation, arbitration of grievances. If railway labor wishes to maintain and fortify its standard of living, it can not remain disinterested in the broader problems of the industry. It cannot merely say, Raise our wages and find the money where you can. It will have to concern itself seriously with the problem of finding the money, and by other methods besides simply charging the bill against the public.

Even more instructive is the case of the coal miners. Much has been accomplished by the United Mine Workers, but no one would be so bold as to assert that the ultimate object of unionism, a decent democratic standard of living, has been attained. Nor is the attainment of that end in sight. The gains from improved wages are lost through irregularity of employment. Although the consumer's need for coal is persistent and growing, mining labor continues to live under the regime of feast or famine, with the famine predominant. Raising wages and charging the bill to the consumer appears a less and less promising solution with the lapse of decades. If the mine worker is ever to have an assured and comfortable existence, he must win it from the wastes that now characterize the industry.

That the miners themselves understand this fundamental condition was indicated by the action of the Cleveland convention of 1919 in adopting a program calling for the nationalization of mines, the six-hour day and the five-day week. The significance of nationalization lies in the fact that it would make possible a rational plan of production and distribution which would eliminate the colossal wastes of mines opened and operated at haphazard, with incredible loss of coal in the ground due to the inefficient mining methods, and the diversion to landowners, speculators and superfluous dealers of an excessively large proportion of the price paid by the consumer. Nationalization would make possible the continuous operation which would give employment throughout the year and reconcile the interest of the consumer in a more abundant supply of coal with the interest of the miner in a more humane working week.

The Cleveland program indicated clearly enough the sentiment of the miners' representatives. What was the sentiment of the rank and file? Did they recognize the necessity of supplementing the conventional program of collective bargaining and conciliation of grievances by a more far-reaching program involving the reorganization of the industry? No doubt many of them did. And no doubt an informal work of education has been conducted persistently by their more progressive leaders. But until recently there has not, to our knowledge, been anything like a systematic effort to get the rank and file solidly behind the movement for the reorganization of the industry, although it must be plain to everyone that without the solid backing of the rank and file the movement can not succeed.

That is what lends extraordinary significance to the recent action of the special convention of District No. 2, of the United Mine Workers, held at Du Bois, Pennsylvania, on February 22nd. District No. 2 is one of the most important in the United States. It produces fifty million tons of coal annually, of the highest grade and most essential to the supplying of American industry and trade. It is well organized, the union membership being about 43,000. That it is in an excellent strategic position for leadership is obvious. Now, at the District Convention a program was presented by President Brophy and adopted, not perfunctorily, as is so often the case with general programs, but after discussion, point by point. That program recognizes that the old policy of grievances and small demands is worn out. It has not secured "a good American life for the miner." "The miners can go on with the present policy of grievances through the rest of the twentieth century, and there will still be rate cutting and discharges and transportation troubles." "Pool the grievances in the larger program of the miners. That larger prog-

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ram will cut out waste, unreasonable profits, exorbitant prices, unemployment, ill will."

But this program, the convention recognizes, "is still a paper program because it has not worked down into the miners' consciousness. The facts are not known to them. They do not daily discuss it at home and in the mine and at the local." Therefore the report proposes a campaign of education. Pamphlets are to be prepared on such subjects as the mismanagement of the coal mines, the question of profits, on what the miners' next step should be, and these pamphlets are to be distributed to the whole membership. It also proposes to form groups throughout the industry to educate themselves through discussion of such questions as nationalization, workers' control, etc. Further, it is proposed to launch a labor paper, and to employ experts to collect and order the facts of the industry.

In the days of mercenary soldiers it used to be said that those who wielded the implements of war must necessarily win control, in the end, in war and peace. The present is a time when the dominating implement of industry is knowledge, knowledge of technical processes, of economic relations, of commercial practices and requirements. The present control of industry by the employing class is based very largely upon the fact that the employer alone knows how to keep the industrial machine running, through his own faculties or through the faculties of men hired by him and assimilated to him in tastes and social standards. And if ever the employer is to be made to surrender any considerable share of the control, it will be when labor has educated itself to a general understanding of the industry, as the United Mine Workers of District No. 2 are now setting out to educate themselves.

Dry Rot in the Civil Service

CONTRARY to popular opinion, the United States Civil Service is not made up solely of "government clerks." It contains a vast array of scientists—biologists, agriculturists, civil, electrical, hydraulic, mining, sanitary, railway, and road engineers, foresters, livestock experts, entomologists, geologists, astronomers, and specialists of every sort; a huge corps of administrators, lawyers, financiers, economists, statisticians, judges. It is these men, plus the clerks, that form the continuous, uninterrupted, highly specialized means of carrying on the enormous business of government, irrespective of party lines or changes of administration. It is they who administer the laws of the United States, who carry out the injunctions of Congress, who protect the far-flung domains of the people. All in all, they number in the neighborhood of five hundred thousand employees, selected in accordance with the Civil Service laws, free from the obnoxious influence of political favoritism or partisanship. The administrative branches of the government attract many capable men who are moved by a genuine desire of public service and who are prepared to make reasonable personal sacrifices in order to serve the nation.

Even the enemies of "paternalism" will admit that the business of government, so far as it is tolerated at all, ought to be carried on efficiently, that permanent careers ought to be afforded to those who have prepared themselves for government work, that a maximum of stability in trained personnel ought to be assured. It was precisely to accomplish these things that the Civil Service was constituted on the "merit" system; and it is precisely these things that the Civil Service is in part failing, through no fault of its own, to accomplish.

A great many men and women, with years of expensive training, paid for by the people of the United States, are being driven from the government service every year. They are driven from it by a fatal policy of penury, a policy of miserly wages that compels those who have the courage to stay, to live in less than respectable poverty. If the annual turnover of Civil Service personnel due to low pay were known and properly understood by the nation that foots the bill of wasted training and interrupted service, the authors and exponents of the system would not fare well in popular opinion.

A cheap and inefficient government is highly expensive; cheap labor is always synonymous with waste and discontent and low morale. The government of the United States is rapidly drifting towards cheapness and inefficiency and all their accompanying evils.

The causes of this dry rot, which annually costs the nation a huge penalty in poor service, are a natural outgrowth of the peculiar constitution of the Civil Service. Civil servants are absolutely barred from taking part in any sort of political activity, even from sharing in a local prohibition campaign. They cannot hold office in political clubs. They are allowed to hold their own private political opinions, provided they do not express them too contentiously. The rules against political activity were aimed at the pernicious influence of the spoils system. Practically they have resulted in all but disfranchising the members of the Civil Service. In a democracy where self-protection demands political expression, half a million government workers are to all intents politically powerless.

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For over a century they were even more powerless in another direction. During the terms of Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, they were forbidden by executive proclamation from organizing unions; and prior to that time they had made only sporadic attempts to secure a share in shaping their own destinies. In 1912, Congress wisely abolished these mandates against the right of free assembly, though the practical political disenfranchisement remains. Deprived of every political right except the ballot, forbidden to unite their forces for self-protection, compelled to bargain as individuals with an overpowering, impersonal, and unresponsive employer, government employees became the victims of a singularly blind and callous policy of neglect. Even in those instances where department heads recognized the evils and the dangers of the system—and the instances have been growing more and more numerous—they were almost powerless to effect remedies, because Congress has not been moved to grant "favors" to such politically and socially weak constituents as federal employees. Moreover, it is easy to practice economy—a false and vicious economy, it is true—at the expense of the workers in the Civil Service, where low wages are met with only feeble and ineffective protest and where the subtle, slow poison of incompetence is not readily sensed by the public. Against this overwhelming monopoly, the individual worker is more hopelessly powerless than any single worker in any other employment whatsoever. When circumstances become intolerable, the only possible individual escape lies in the familiar "I hereby resign."

The result has been the forcing of thousands of able, trained workers from the federal service, and the fostering of despair and a deep-rooted sense of injustice among those who remain. Attempts to fight this injustice and this dry-rot have met with only a grudging response from Congress, which has never been even sufficiently interested in the fate of half a million government workers to provide machinery for the hearing of grievances. Through pressure exerted by the American Federation of Labor and the National Federation of Federal Employees, it has granted temporary bonuses of $20 a month to the majority of employees receiving less than $2,500 a year, created a joint commission of the Senate and House to investigate government salaries in the District of Columbia (but not outside, where there are tens of thousands of employees), and has passed a wholly inadequate retirement bill, with a maximum pension of $720 per annum, paid for equally by the government and the employee.

As in most of the evils that beset the modern world, the remedy is coming from the bottom up, not from the top down. Government employees have discovered that they must look for protection and justice chiefly to themselves, and that their only effective weapon is the force of a united front. Having found the courage of self-expression, they are forging the weapons with which to fight for justice. The National Federation of Federal Employees, now numbering more than seventy thousand members, is affiliated to the American Federation of Labor; and with the backing of that powerful force, has already won some sharp skirmishes.

The Federation means not only to fight for its honest rights, but to clean its own house of incompetence and inefficiency. Wisely, in the interest of the national welfare and its own position in public opinion, it is pledged not to engage in or support strikes, under any circumstances, against the United States. It relies upon the elementary force of truth, justice, and public opinion to obtain for its members the right to a secure economic existence. It insists upon the right of direct bargaining as to the conditions of employment. It demands the creation of permanent machinery by which grievances can be aired before an authority competent to remedy obvious evils. It asks, in short, to have a share in working for the welfare of its members. In this program it has the acquiescence of many high administrative officials, who welcome this help in solving a critical labor problem affecting the whole nation.

To those who can read the larger movements of events, the National Federation of Federal Employees has a large significance. It is perhaps the first organization reaching into the professional classes in America for the purpose of exerting united pressure on the economic conditions of their existence.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1921, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER; DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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The Labor Spy

V.
Recruiting and Training

HOW the spy is recruited, how he is trained and what manner of man he is—these facts are all essential to a complete picture of the industrial spy system.

You will find such an advertisement as the following (taken from the New York World) in almost any paper during a period of labor difficulty:

*BOILER MAKERS
MOLDERS
METAL WORKERS
AND POLISHERS

We want smart, uptodate men who are skilled in the above mechanical lines to represent us permanently as efficiency workers, but those who make application must be able and willing to absent themselves from their homes whenever they are required to do so because our work extends all over the country. Mechanics who can qualify as tradesmen will be taught how to do our work as they go along and will receive better pay than they have been earning right from the start and will be allowed all their living and travelling expenses as well, thus being in a position to save all their wages. In replying do not fail to state all your qualifications as to how much mechanical experience you have, whether you are American or foreign born, what languages you speak beside the languages of this country and be sure to give your phone number, if you have one, and your correct address, because you are assured that your application will be considered and answered.

This is the typical agency advertisement for employees. It is invariably to be recognized by the assortment of trades, the phrase "up-to-date," and the information desired on the linguistic ability of the applicant.

A Paterson silk weaver, for the moment become an industrial investigator, answered a similar advertisement. His experience, although not dramatic, nevertheless provides an accurate account of the spy recruiting system.

I am a silk worker and a member of the Paterson Local of the Amalgamated Textile Workers . . .

During the slump season in the spring of 1920, I was thrown out of work and decided I would have to look for a job elsewhere if I could.

One morning in May I saw an ad in the New York World which read: Wanted experienced men on broad silk and ribbon. State age, experience and nationality . . .

I wrote to the box indicated and received a reply from the Eastern Engineering and Contracting Company,* 291-295 Broadway, New York City. It enclosed my letter answering the ad and told me to bring this letter, as well as the one from him to me, to his office.

I went to the address given the next day. It was a fine office with about ten stenographers and looked very efficient. I handed both letters to the man at the door and found that 'they were glad to give an interview'. . .

While waiting in the outer office I talked with a Negro who was also answering an ad for workers. His ad called for wood workers and he was a wood worker.

Finally my turn came and I found myself facing . . . a quiet looking business man somewhat kindly in appearance.

He looked over the letters carefully. Then he asked 'Where did you work last?' I told him I had worked most of the time in the New England States.

'Did you ever work in Paterson, Passaic or Allentown, Pennsylvania?'

I replied that I had never worked in either Passaic, New Jersey or Allentown, Pennsylvania, but that I had worked in Paterson.

'Where did you work last?"

I told him. . . .

He seemed to be sizing me up and thinking very hard. Then he said: 'We want to send you to a job to work at your trade. Besides working at your trade you will be there to investigate the sentiment of the workers toward the employer, what they say is unsatisfactory in the shop, their attitude towards radicalism, Bolshevism and such things. You will be expected to make a report in writing every night and send it to me.' . . .

I asked him how much I would get for the job.

'. . . We will send you into a shop. You will receive the regular wages the workers are earning there. Besides that you will get fifty dollars a month from the office.' †

'Where will you send me?' I asked, keeping as calm as I could.

'Either to Paterson or Passaic. Did you ever work like this before? Do you think you would like to try it? Do you think it would suit you?'

I told him I thought I would try it.

He then told me to go home and write him a sample daily report putting down the best I could on paper what I had done that day. 'Mail this to me,' he said, 'and

*This particular advertisement proved, upon investigation, to be that of the National Manufacturers' Syndicate, an alias for the employment department of the Sherman Service Inc., which is also known as the National Mutual Service Co.

*Really the Corporations Auxiliary Co. under alias.

†The usual rate of payment is the difference between a set sum guaranteed by the agency and the wages paid to the spy by the client for the work he actually does as an ordinary worker. The ordinary operative is guaranteed $125 a month for service in an unskilled trade.

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from that I will be able to determine whether you will be the one suited to do the work I have outlined. As soon as we have received this report from you we will let you know what we want you to do and where we want you to begin your work.'

I promised I would send him a report that night which I did. However, I have not yet heard from him.*

It cannot be said that all spies are recruited through newspaper advertising. The United States Steel Corporation recruits its secret service chiefly from the ranks of its inspection force, the railroads largely from the railroad police. A worker will oftentimes find himself tricked to espionage through a reward which is given him by his boss for some little information he has given, perhaps unwittingly. A check presented and endorsed by the worker is a lever of blackmail for the corporation, which can threaten an exposure before the union. This practice is quite common. More common still is the bribery of the union official. It is impossible to state to what lengths this may go. It is certain that the labor movement is too often and too reasonably distrustful of its officers.

The worker who answered the advertisement quoted above was more fortunate than the silk worker of Paterson and, without becoming a spy, took the complete correspondence course of training for the Sherman Service. The text of this course is very long and extremely uninstructive. A man might have followed it completely through without so much as suspecting what the actual meaning of his work would be. Only a few parts are of any interest and they seem significant only as illustrating the pains with which the industrial detective disguises both aims and methods even to his own initiates.

The preliminary eloquence makes espionage seem almost altruistic.

> There is nothing about your relationship with your fellow-craftsman which can be considered underhanded or deceitful. Your mission is to aid and assist such men and not to spy upon them and try to find out something about them or their doings which would get them into disfavor or disrepute with the employer. . . .
>
> . . . .
>
> Your purpose in going among your own class of mechanics or fellow workmen in any line where it seems your work can be most effective, is to build up the morale of whatever plant you are assigned to, to set a good example to the workmen in that plant both by your individual actions and your spoken words.
>
> . . . .
>
> You are given an assignment for the purpose of making observations as to the individual and collective habits of the employees, but are certainly not assigned to mingle with them for the purpose of tattling or spying upon any of them.
>
> . . . .

Follows the application blank:

> What are your sentiments toward Socialism? Toward Bolshevism? Toward Labor Unions? If a member of any Labor Union or Socialistic Order, give the name and address. Did you ever, or do you now, hold any office in same? How often do you attend meetings? If not now a member, why did you leave? Do any of your relatives belong to any such organizations? Give relationship and name of Order. What is their attitude? What do you believe to be the underlying causes of industrial misunderstanding? What could be done by the employer or employees to remedy this? Would you be willing to work hard, faithfully, and do more than an ordinary day's work to help Americanize or Canadianize the foreign workers and establish friendly relations between employer and employees?
>
> _____
>
> Applicant's Signature.

But, in the instructions to the operative, the melodrama again becomes the thing.

> As our employee you will be known and called "REPRESENTATIVE." . . .
>
> You will be designated by a number under which you will be known to us only and which you will employ when signing communications, expense accounts, and all other documents excepting telegrams.
>
> As your mission is to be considered confidential absolutely you must follow our directions relative to divulging your real vocation or business to any one.
>
> The rules and regulations of our organization exclude even one's closest friends and families from any knowledge as to the details of any assignments a representative may receive.
>
> . . . .
>
> All necessary expense on an assignment will be advanced by us.
>
> When actively engaged on an assignment it will be your duty to make up and mail in a detailed written account for each day, in which you will set forth the time you began work, when you discontinued, what you actually did, what you saw, and what you heard in connection with the particular assignment you were engaged on. . . .
>
> If you are assigned to work in a factory, you will be treated the same there as any other worker, and you will be placed on the factory payroll in accordance with the work which you do there. The money which you receive as salary by the factory will be charged to your account. . . .
>
> In referring to any worker or person give that per-

*To the credit of the agency's psychological astuteness be it said that although this worker's first report was carefully supervised by the officers of his union, the ruse had not, in this instance, any effect whatever. This is a ruse often employed by labor unions to gather espionage information. The worker, however, having come once into contact with the spy system, is not often trusted afterwards by the union.

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son's name or working number, if you know it, otherwise, give a detailed description of him so as to aid us in identifying him.

You will receive frequent instructions from us relative to the work you are doing, which instructions you are to mail back to us *together with envelope in which it was sent* you as soon as you have carefully read them over and understand what they mean. You are not to destroy them or keep them on your person over twelve hours . . .

You are not, under any circumstances, to use the telephone in connection with this business from the town or city in which you may be employed, unless it has over 50,000 population, otherwise you are to proceed to a nearby city or town of reasonable size, and at least five miles beyond the out-skirts of the town in which you are employed.

. . . . .

Should it be necessary for you to phone frequently, you are not to use the same telephone station, and at no time are you to talk over an open phone, and if out of town, you are to have charges reversed. Do not give the name of the organization.

In mailing your daily communications to us, you are to take care that no one observes you and that the post-office clerks do not see the specific letter which you yourself deposit in the mails. . . .

The rules and regulations of our organization forbid you to make known to *"any one"* your connection either with us or in this business, unless under specific directions from any official of the organization.

. . . . .

Our system of carrying on our work frequently requires that many representatives, unknown to each other, are engaged in the same factory at the same time. Therefore, you are not to approach or speak to any of them regarding your business, should you know them to be representatives, unless specifically directed to do so by your official. YOU MUST NOT INDICATE THAT YOU KNOW WHO THEY ARE, NEITHER MUST THEY INDICATE THAT THEY ARE AWARE OF WHO YOU ARE. The best way to do is to ignore them entirely. DO NOT VIOLATE THIS RULE AT ANY TIME.

. . . . .

The employer, to whose plant we send you, *and who pays us to represent him, is known as the client.* You must never communicate with the client, even if his identity is known to you, unless definitely instructed to do so by your officials.

Act naturally, employ common sense with relation to anything you do, and live strictly in accordance with your apparent earnings. You would not show much common sense in claiming to be a worker and yet live at a good hotel and spend money freely. SUCH ACTIONS WOULD ATTRACT ATTENTION AT ONCE AND WOULD RUIN YOUR CHANCES OF MAKING YOUR WORK SUCCESSFUL. . . .

Get a rooming place the same as any other worker would, but be sure and get a room for yourself. Do not share it with others, as the presence of an outsider would materially interfere with the writing of your confidential communications, and the making up of your expense accounts.*

In all this secrecy there is exactly one mention of any policy on labor unionism.

> It is not their (The . . . Company's) desire to promote either unionism or non-unionism, but it is their purpose to create and maintain an open-mindedness among the working classes relative to the relationship between capital and labor.

Nothing, it would seem, makes the conscious position of the industrial detective so clear as this disguise of his business to the very men he is seeking to employ and to train. It is more complete than his disguise of method from the prospective client.

One axiom of recruiting may be established. Whatever the method, the basis must be corruption. The most useful quality the industrial detective has to offer in his personnel must necessarily be dishonesty.

We quote from the testimony of Tobias Butler given during the same Philadelphia hearings from which we have gleaned so much already:

> They told their clients they employed skilled representatives which it took them months to educate, whereas, as a matter of fact, they took these individuals from the street, put them in men's plants and charged them full rate of service. Many of them were found to be loafers and to commit crimes while assigned to operations.

This would seem to deny the course of training. It is the record of an emergency; the same witness continues:

> In the Philadelphia Cigar Manufacturers' job I had to pick nineteen men off the street through advertisements in the newspapers out of a total of twenty-two who went on the operation . . . The A. D. Kirschbaum operation was on at the same time and we couldn't get

*Summary of instructions to an operative of the Corporations Auxiliary Company: Try at all times to find out who is a member of a labor organization. Report same at once in your daily report. Be a good mixer. Mingle with the fellows in the noon hour, in the factory and in the street car. Try to find out how they feel, if they are dissatisfied or if they are satisfied with their jobs. Try to find out if they urge other fellows to join their organization. Be always on your guard. Do not display too much money, but don't be a miser. Be willing to spend a few cents for a drink if it will make a man talk. In the organization where you are a member, try to get as popular as you possibly can. Try to hold as many and as high offices as you can. Try always to keep in close touch with other officers of your organization, in particular with the business agents.—Affidavit of Philip Schaeffer, one time operative of the Corporations Auxiliary Company.

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representatives for that. We were getting them through advertisements in the newspapers. There were supposed to be twenty well trained men and out of the twenty we could get only four.

A damaging description of the spy not easily to be denied. We shall look more closely yet into the character of the men who do the actual work of this business.

SIDNEY HOWARD.

(*To be continued*)

The Authority of M. Derain

SOONER or later the critic who wishes to be taken seriously must say his word about Derain. It is an alarming enterprise. Not only runs he a considerable risk of making himself absurd, he may make a formidable and contemptuous enemy as well. "On ne peut pas me laisser tranquille?" grumbles Derain: to which the only reply I can think of is—"on ne peut pas."

Derain is now the greatest power amongst young French painters. I would like to lay stress on the words "power" and "French" because I do not wish to say, what may nevertheless be true, that Derain is the greatest painter in France, nor seemingly to forget that Picasso's is the paramount influence in Europe. For all their abjurations most of the younger and more intelligent foreigners, within and without the gates of Paris, know well enough that Picasso is still their animator. Wherever a trace of cubism or of tête de nègre or of that thin, anxious line of the "blue period" is still to be found, there the ferment of his unquiet spirit is at work. And I believe it is in revolt against, perhaps in terror of, this profoundly un-French spirit that the younger Frenchmen are seeking shelter and grace under the vast though unconscious nationalism of Derain.

For the French have never loved cubism, though Braque uses it beautifully. How should they love anything so uncongenial to their temperament? How should that race which above all others understands and revels in Life care long for an art of abstractions? How, having raised good sense to the power of genius, should France quite approve aesthetic fanaticism? What would Poussin have said to so passionate a negation of common sense? Well, happily, we know the opinion of Molière:

> La parfaite raison fuit toute extrémité,
> Et veut que l'on soit sage avec sobriété

Did ever Frenchman sympathize absolutely with Don Quixote? At any rate, because at the very base of his civilization lies that marvellous sense of social relations and human solidarity, no French artist will feel entirely satisfied unless he can believe that his art is somehow related to, and justified by, Life.

Now Picasso is not Spanish for nothing. He is a mystic; which, of course, does not prevent him being a remarkably gay and competent man of the world. Amateurs, who knew him in old days, are sometimes surprised to find Picasso now in a comfortable flat or staying at the Savoy. I should not be surprised to hear of him in a Kaffir kraal or at Buckingham Palace; and wherever he might be I should know that under that urbane and slightly quizzical surface still would be kicking and struggling the tireless problem. That problem his circumstances cannot touch. It has nothing to do with Life; for not only was Picasso never satisfied with a line that did not seem right in the eyes of God—of the God that is in him I mean—but never would it occur to him that a line could be right in any other way. For him Life proves nothing and signifies not much; it is the raw material of art. His problem is within: for ever he is straining and compelling his instrument to sing in unison with that pitiless voice which in El Greco's day they called the voice of God. Derain's problem is difficult, and perhaps more exacting still.

It seems odd, I know, but I think it is true, to say that Derain's influence over the younger Frenchmen depends as much on his personality as on his pictures. Partly this may be because his pictures are not much to be seen; for he is neither prolific nor particularly diligent, and always there are half a dozen hungry dealers waiting to snap up whatever he may contrive to finish. But clearly this is not explanation enough: and to appreciate Derain's position in Paris one should be, what I unluckily am not, a psychologist. One should be able to understand why his pictures are imitated hardly at all, and why his good opinion is coveted: why young painters want to know what Derain thinks and feels, not only about their art, but about art in general, and even about life: and why, instinctively, they pay him this compliment of supposing that he does not wish them simply to paint as he paints. What is it Derain wants of them? I shall be satisfied, and a good deal surprised, if I can discover even what he wants of himself.

A year or two ago it was the fashion to insist on Derain's descent from the Italian primitives: I insisted with the rest. But as he matures, his French blood asserts more and more its sovranty and now completely dominates the other elements in his art. Assuredly he is in the great European tradition, but specifically he is of the French: Chardin, Watteau, and Poussin are his direct ancestors. Of Poussin no one who saw La Boutique Fantasque will have

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forgotten how it made one think. No one will have forgotten the grave beauty of those sober grays, greens, browns and blues. It made one think of Poussin and of Racine too; French painting and literature being never quite so far apart as one would expect, and perhaps wish, them to be. And yet the ballet was intensely modern; always you were aware that Derain had been right through the movement—through fauvism, negroism, cubism. Here was an artist who had refused nothing and feared nothing. Could anyone be less of a reactionary and at the same time less of an anarchist? And, I will add, could anyone be less gavroche? La Boutique Fantasque, which is not only the most amusing but the most beautiful of Russian ballets, balances on a discord. Even the fun of Derain is not the essentially modern fun of Massine. Derain is neither flippant nor exasperated; he is humorous, and tragic sometimes.

English criticism is puzzled by Derain because very often it is confronted by things of his which seem dull and commonplace, to English critics. These are in fact the protests of Derain's genius against his talent, and whether they are good or not I cannot say. Derain has a supernatural gift for making things: give him a tin kettle and in half a morning he will hammer you out a Sumerian head: he has the fingers of a pianist, an aptitude that brings beauty to life with a turn of the wrist; in a word, that sensibility of touch which keeps an ordinary craftsman happy for a life-time: and these things terrify him. He ties both hands behind his back and fights so. Deliberately he chooses the most commonplace aspect of things and the most unlovely means of expression, hoping that, talent thus bound, genius will be stung into action. Sometimes, no doubt, Achilles stays sulking in his tent. I suppose Derain can be dull.

But what does he want this genius of his to do? Nothing less, I believe, than what the French genius did at its supreme moment, in the seventeenth century, what the Greek did in the fifth. My notion is that he wants to create art which shall be perfectly uncompromising and at the same time human: and he would like it none the worse were it to turn out popular as well. After all, Racine did this, and Molière and La Bruyère, and Watteau and Chardin and Renoir. It is in the French tradition to believe that there is a beauty common to life and art. The Greeks had it, so runs the argument, and the Italians of the high renaissance, but the English poets tended to sacrifice art to beauty, and the moderns—so Derain may think—sacrifice beauty and grandeur to discretion. The motto "Safety first" did, I will admit, just float across my eyes as I walked through the last salon d'automne. And then, Derain may feel that there is in him something besides his power of creation and sense of form, something which philosophers would call, I dare say, a sense of absolute beauty in things, of external harmony. However we may call it, what I mean is the one thing at all worth having which the Greeks had and the Byzantines had not, which Raphael possessed more abundantly than Giotto. In Derain this sense is alive and insistent: it is urging him always to capture something that is outside him: the question is, can he, without for one moment compromising the purity of his art, obey it? I do not know. But if he cannot, then there is no man alive to give this age what Phidias, Giorgione and Watteau gave theirs.

The French are not unwilling to believe that they are the heirs of Greece and Rome. So, if I am right, the extraordinary influence of Derain may be accounted for partly, at any rate, by the fact that he, above all living Frenchmen, has the art to mould, in the materials of his age, a vessel that shall contain the grand classical tradition. What is more, it is he, if anyone, who has the strength to fill it. No one who ever met him but was impressed by the prodigious force of his character and his capacity for standing alone. At moments he reminds one oddly of Johnson. He, too, is a dictator, at once humorous and tragic like the mirific doctor, but, unlike him, infinitely subtle. He, too, is troubled, and not by any sense of isolation nor yet by the gnawings of vanity and small ambition: it is the problem that tortures him. Can he do what Raphael and Racine did? Can he create something that shall be uncompromising as art and at the same time humane?

Face to face with that problem, Derain stands for what is today most vital and valid in France—a passionate love of the great tradition, a longing for order and the will to win it, and that mysterious thing which the Athenians called σπουδιότης and schoolmasters call "high seriousness." He accepts the age into which he has stumbled with all its nastiness, vulgarity and cheek. He accepts that woebegone, modern democracy which could not even make its great war fine. He believes he can make something of it. Because he has a first-rate intellect he can afford to mistrust reason; and so sure is he of his own taste that he can brush refinement aside. Yet neither his scepticisms nor his superstitions alienate the intelligent, nor are the sensitive offended by his total disregard of their distinctions. And though all this has nothing to do with painting, on painters, I surmise, it has its effect.

CLIVE BELL.

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The Drug Habit in the United States

THERE are a number of themes connected with present social affairs, twilight sleep, birth control, drug addiction, which people seem to have difficulty in considering with moderation and reason. A certain proportion of those who approach or even go deeply into these subjects, acquire an interest so intense that they appear ready to go to any length to arouse a similar interest in others. They make a good semblance of believing, whether or not the ground for belief is substantial, and from the first form an unfavorable opinion of the intelligence, sometimes even of the character, of those who fail to share their enthusiasm or to agree with their views. It is not astonishing that, in subjects that can stir the feelings as these do, unverified facts are accepted as final evidence, and that in the end what should be cool information begins to sound like some strange propaganda. As far as drug addiction is concerned, the time has come now when many of the misstatements concerning it can be contradicted. The draft examinations determined the number of registrants who were addicted to habit forming drugs, a number which gives a basis for estimating the total number in the country.

In the summer of 1917, the wildest statements were heard as to the numbers of addicts which the great national net, about to be spread from coast to coast, would bring to light. One physician whose practice had kept his mind fixed on the abuse of narcotics, wrote the Surgeon General of the Army advising him to prepare special training battalions for drug addicts to the extent of one-half million, one in every twenty, if ten million were enrolled. No such battalions were organized, not because the army was unwilling, but for the simple reason that not enough drug addicts materialized to fill one small camp. Neither did the army foster drug taking, as no case was reported as originating after entering the service. If, as we were told in the newspapers, thousands of young men were beginning to take drugs for the purpose of evading the draft, they did not get very far with it. When our men arrived overseas, extravagant stories began to circulate, mostly in home-drawing rooms, about the abuse of morphine among troops. Aviators, it was said, were refusing to go up unless they were "doped," and one story had it that the narcotic excess in our establishment was so great that it overflowed and that the British were being initiated into the use of the needle by our troops. The Chairman of the Special Narcotic Committee appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury is quoted, in 1919, as stating that there were 80,000 drug addicts in the first draft. It would be interesting to know where he gathered this sensational bit of news, since the final report of the Draft Board as given by the Provost Marshal General, shows only 2,007 inebriates of all kinds throughout the whole mobilization. Of the 2,007 inebriates certainly not more than one-half were drug addicts.

Whatever the excuse may have been in the past for inaccurate information concerning drug addiction, there is no excuse now for such rumors and extravagant guesses. Among other things the mobilization demanded and provided an intensive investigation of this subject, and it was carried on under conditions more favorable to accurate results than anything which had preceded it. Now that these statistics are available our information as of 1919 approaches accuracy, being country wide and based on actual counts and not, as heretofore, sectional, and based on limited surveys in selected localities. Let us see what these new facts make of drug addiction as a national problem.

In the first place it must be understood that the military authorities were actively opposed to the enlistment of drug addicts, and the plan was to exclude them unless the number of them turned out to be large. The attitude toward them was quite different than it was toward their brother inebriates, drinking men, for the following reason: a drinking man begins to improve in all respects by abstinence, while abstinence is what makes a drug addict break down. Consequently, many drinking men were accepted for service, their habits being known, while drug addicts, if their habits were known, were rejected at once, or put in the remedial group, or later on, when their habits became known in the camps, from failure of supply, they were discharged. The draft records show that only fifty-four known drug addicts were accepted for the combatant army.

During the war there were three points at which cases must come to light—at draft boards, at home camps and in France. At draft boards, the total number of addicts discovered was 1,000, as above, and 2,120 were found by neuro-psychiatric officers at the camps and recruit depots—3,120 in all, out of approximately 3,500,000 men examined. Very few cases were reported in France. In view of the extremely small number disclosed, a word must be said concerning the effectiveness of the machinery which operated in identifying these individuals.

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All drafted men were obliged to pass two sets of examinations,—one at the local boards, and the other upon arrival at camp. If an unfit registrant got by the first test, he was apt to be caught at the second; and even if he succeeded in slipping through both, there followed six months before he went over-seas when he had to prove himself fit or be discharged from the army. So it would seem that the machinery was effective insofar as a single examination did not settle things, but that the registrant had to appear well on two different special occasions, and then to stay fit for duty for six months at least. Inasmuch as drug addicts are not physically robust, and fear change of scene, it was expected that large numbers of them would claim exemption at draft boards. As has been shown, such claims in large numbers either were not made or were not allowed. Some may maintain that the numbers identified and refused at draft boards and camps did not represent the total number, inasmuch as many drug addicts were patriotic, wanted to serve, did serve and were able to do so because they were freely supplied with heroin, morphine or what not, throughout their career in the army. This would imply a traffic of some kind in the camps in this country and in France.

It is always difficult to be positive in underground matters like drug traffic, but the writer believes that very little of this was carried on in the home camps. The military police and intelligence officers were on the alert for it from the beginning, and the cooperation of the civil police was secured in all the large cities. Few instances of traffic came to light. One day at Newport News, at a base hospital, the writer saw a group of young addicts from greater New York, still in uniform but awaiting discharge papers for drug addiction. One, questioned as to whether or not quitting the army under such circumstances fell in with his inclinations, replied, "Yes, I want to get out of the army, for I want to get cured. A fellow ain't got no chance to get cured in the army as dope is so easy to get." A characteristic remark. The drug addict habitually says he "wants to get cured" but is not satisfied with the place where he might be cured and wants to leave it. What that special addict wanted really was to get out of the army, not because dope was easy to get there, but because it was hard to get. He knew doorways east of Third Avenue where traffic was much less restricted than it was in the cantonments.

Still, it is conceivable that enlisted and commissioned drug addicts "carried on" in this country with the help of the "dope" they bought or received from their friends. But it is not conceivable that such favorable traffic conditions existed among 2,500,000 men scattered over France, 3,000 miles from the base of supply. The supply of narcotic drugs, like every other supply over there, must have failed, and whenever it failed, the addict, following all precedent, would become ill and seek admission to the hospital. A drug addict is one who falls ill, painfully ill, when what to him is the most important thing in life, is kept from him. But the A. E. F. hospital reports record only seventy cases admitted during the years 1917-1918-1919. No reasonable inference is possible other than that drug addicts did not reach France.

There is one other explanation mentionable, but not reasonable, which few who know drug addicts would accept. It is that the 80,000 or the 500,000 or any particular number of drug addicts that hysterical people would name as falling within the registration class, concealed their habits from both sets of examiners,* and then to borrow a term from the addict, "suffered it out," or, in other words, went through the painful period of withdrawal without medical aid or pain-relieving medicine. Self-cures of this kind are not unheard of, but in the whole chapter of drug addiction among young men few mentions of them will be found. They would be quite at variance with what happens in a city like New York, where, when the traffic "tightens up," the hospitals are besieged by crowds of victims seeking relief from the intense suffering into which they have been thrown.

What inferences can be drawn as to the number of drug addicts in the country from the 3,120 which represent the total culling of 3,500,000 men examined during the mobilization? Assuming that under stress the total of men falling within military age would have been 10,000,000, or three times the number of men actually examined, other things being equal, there would have been found 9,360 drug addicts. It is believed that that number would have represented more than the bulk of the male drug addicts in the country. Such a statement is vouched for by the age periods in which drug addiction occurs. It is an affair of youth,—much more so than alcoholism is.

According to the neuro-psychiatric statistics of the army, 83.2 per cent were found between the ages of twenty and thirty, although Negroes averaged somewhat older. Addicts are younger than alcoholics, of whom the percentage falling in the same age period was 37.1 per cent. These figures as to youth bear out civil experience. Wherever drug addicts occur in large numbers, they collect

*With the exception of scars resulting from needle punctures no objective examination can prove that a person not narcotized at the time is a user of drugs.

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in gangs. The members of these gangs know each other, congregate, and evolve a special vocabulary of their own. "Shots," "Bangs," "Deck," "Coke," "Panic," "Suffer it Out" are technical expressions of their coining. Since the enactment of the anti-narcotic laws, gang formation has become particularly necessary to insure a constant supply of "goods." Now the members of these gangs are almost always young men. In the round-ups which take place from time to time, only here and there is observed anyone more than thirty-five years of age. The majority of them are about the same age as those found in the army.

In considering the total number of addicts in the country, women must be counted, but as to them no figures exist. The number of them is, however, in all probability far below the number of men, as women have little tendency to form gangs.

Now it is far from the purpose of the writer to leave the impression that drug addiction is not a matter of social importance. The statistics already given show that, when the whole United States is considered, the number of drug addicts compared to the total population is too small to justify anyone in proclaiming that the nation is on the verge of ruin from drugs. The social importance of addiction lies in where it is found. The heart of the matter is that the big figures of drug addiction come from only a few localities. In them it is a live civic issue, a vice, flourishing in a way reflecting little credit on the enforcement of law, and tending to spread. Nine-tenths of the military cases came from cities of over 2,500 inhabitants. Even then it was essentially sectional. According to the draft records (Defects Found in Drafted Men, Love and Davenport, Government Printing Office, Washington 1919) more than one-third of all cases reported were found in the three states of New York, California and Pennsylvania.

The neuro-psychiatric statistics which contain more cases, as they recorded not only cases rejected at once, but also those who broke down after the supply of drug they brought with them to camp was exhausted, show that nearly one-half of all cases came from New York, California, Pennsylvania, Missouri and Ohio. More than one-fourth of all cases came from New York, more than from any other state, and consequently drug addiction is a more important problem in New York than anywhere else in the United States. The variations in the intensity of this nuisance in different parts of the country are due partly to conditions which make smuggling easy (New York — all Seas — Canada) (California—Orient) and partly to the ingenuity displayed in different sections in evading the laws which are intended to limit the possession and sale of habit-forming drugs. Traffic in drugs is a very lucrative business. Morphine, when its wholesale price is nine dollars an ounce, sells for forty dollars an ounce on the street, and much higher when things "tighten up." The peddlars are probably compelled to divide up with somebody, but even then, dealing in five hundred or one thousand ounce lots, they have a substantial profit left over; and they keep getting new business by offering samples of "goods" to young and prospective clients, "free." In New York City they are indefatigable in this line of endeavor, penetrating the dance halls, hospitals, and wherever young people gather together.

One of the difficulties in the way of meeting the situation has been that drug addiction has too long been considered a medical problem. It is that secondarily only. On the theory of its being a medical problem and in order to minimize the suffering, due to withdrawal, drug addicts have been "registered," and when registered have been allowed to receive opium derivatives in presumably decreasing doses. The doors were thus thrown open for addicts to supplement their supply and for persons who were not addicts to register, and thus to obtain morphine at reduced prices, which they afterwards sell.

The problem is not one to be handled by the Boards of Health or by special commissions but by the Internal Revenue Department, which should check up all sales, by the municipal police, and by the local and federal courts. It is difficult to believe that energetic measures could not stamp this evil out of New York.

Much discussion has taken place as to the effect of prohibition on the taking of drugs. There has been little opportunity to test this out in New York. But one matter seems plain—if prohibition is not enforced in New York it will surely increase the kind of lawlessness which makes drug traffic easier —and the future of drug addiction is almost entirely dependent upon traffic.

It is probable that many more drug addicts than has been supposed, are either cured, or else arrive at moderate dosage which they can continue without serious injury, and which they do not overstep. This statement is made on the basis of drug addiction coming to notice so rarely in elderly people. Drug addicts do not have a high mortality, and if some such explanation as to the improvement or cure of the habit is not true, what becomes of all of them after thirty-five years of age? You will look for them in the institutions in vain. A census of 388 public institutions made January 1, 1920, showed only 392 drug addict inmates.

PEARCE BAILEY, M. D.

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Symphonie Pathétique

ON this afternoon, so ominous, so laden with heat and stillness, many hundreds were gathered in the small park at the end of the island. Behind us—my beloved and myself and these countless—the blind buildings rose like a wall. In front there were no longer the familiar wharves and stations; nothing but a bare space down to the water's edge, and at the water's edge a solitary vessel black against the saffron sky.

And instead of the familiar park the ground fell from us in wide asphalted ledges or terraces, each terrace a few inches lower than the other. We fronted these terraces in a long curving line, our bodies packed against the heavy black iron railing. We lifted our faces into the thick yellow light.

It was not clear how we had been summoned here. I only knew that in this throng many were deeply known to me, and some were friends. Below us, on the empty and glaring terraces, there moved no one. It was but a moment, however, since three figures robed in gray had come to the railing near us and silently beckoned. The light fell against me, and I do not see well, but these creatures had an ashen flesh, and they searched us with smouldering eyes. The one they sought was slow in passing through the heavy throng that pressed against the railing, but at last the crowd made way and she was ready as they raised the bar. Down the terraces she moved, one tall gray-robed figure attending at each side, and one behind. To the foot of the gangway they proceeded, where a still taller figure stood to meet her, and as she faltered alone to join him he turned and strode aboard.

Her leaving I watched with burning cheek and parched tongue. I did not understand. Her very appearing before us was unexpected and with it came a flood of memory and regret. I knew her not as this grave woman with bleached face and eyes of quivering flame who stepped down a lonely fateful way. I knew her as a laughing girl with red cheeks and flinging glances, with quick words and racing movements and the swift love of life. What had befallen her I knew not, but she was parted from us, and all who watched were stilled.

Another I could descry. He was a man I had encountered, an earnest young adventurer with a daring theory of his own. He was startled to receive this summons. He stood irresolutely between his silent captors. Quiet they awaited him, and after one baffled, questioning look he moved hastily downward, as if to meet his goal.

He had hardly disappeared before a man I had long forgotten stepped out at some little distance. I remembered his blunt features, his closely curling white hair. I could perceive in his small eyes that he planned in some way to escape. But there was something unyielding and inexorable about these men who waited. They seemed to read his mind as only his poor wife had ever read him in his long make-shift existence. He was a garrulous man, but he attempted no syllable of protest; he moved downward with his white head bowed.

The woman who came next, a tall drooping figure, was one I had always known. Her sombre red hair was now barely veiled by a black lace mantilla which with one hand she gathered into the folds of her dark green robe. Her searching pallid face did not reveal her, she was a woman scarcely touched by life, a timid and yet passionate soul that had never had contentment and was yet consumed by fierce desire. With one despairing glance she turned and hurried, leaving my heart torn by her anguished look.

A restlessness passed through the close ranks that shoved upon the strong black barrier. The air crackled with sinister excitement, the skyline seemed to be burnished by baleful hidden fire. Over us the thunderheads were not yet defined, the heavens were filmed with sullen vapor. The crowd stretched low beneath the heavens, a packed even surface save for one little tree that stood up above the people with grimly rigid leaves. Was there no breath of nature to stir in these stiffened branches? I lowered my gaze, to behold a multiplied swarm of attendants, lifting one bar after another in threatening succession.

How did I know so many of the persons they were escorting to the shrouded vessel? I seemed to know them all. A cripple I knew well. He sweetly smiled. I knew two stout fellows, good livers both, whose plum-colored faces had a green hue at this hour. Near to them was a gallant hunter, who was strange to me in his uncanny sobriety, and another man of sport, who looked haggard and afraid. There was a man I had a friendship for. He gazed with wistful face at the shaded cut-steel sea. I saw a proud man whose seared countenance I had not observed for years. He alone marched toward the gangway as if these gray-robed figures were his servants. I admired him, trickster, lecher, liar.

As the little groups converged, this time not a woman among them, I could not help shuddering at the steady stream of disappearances, especially among such men. I shivered, even in the warmth that enclosed us, and I glanced up involuntarily in the childlike anxiety I had always experienced while a storm was gathering head. The heavens looked down upon me with furrowed brow. As

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my glance fell I found myself looking straight into the eyes of one of the gray-robed men, and before I could make a solitary reflection or touch or cling to my beloved, the bar was lifted that I had leaned upon, and I too felt myself summoned irresistibly by his all-seeing gaze.

I too! What did this mean? I had watched others with pity, with amusement, with restless antipathy, with pain. But here was I on these long descending terraces, in all their loneliness, with my world left behind.

Plans, hopes, conveniences, expectations. "Here! A mistake . . . I haven't had . . . It's incred—." Broken words. A single drop of rain fell on me, warm as blood. My feet groped obediently for the gangway. The line of my fellows was a thin thread snapped. Here I knew nothing but the sharp moment, this sundering moment when time cleft through my substance, this knife-like certainty that I gulped and smothered on . . . God, my foot was on the gangplank, and I caught a glimpse of the black-shrouded deck.

My place on that deck was near no one, and no one I saw. I was warm, and cold to the bone. I looked backward. I could see the towering walls of buildings with burned-out sockets in them, and at the feet of these cliffs a little rim of driftwood, seaweed, sedge.

A crash of thunder came like an imprecation fast on a scalding flash of lightning. Our shrouded vessel that stood with stern to shore pulsated one instant, the gangway melted, a belt of blindingly bright water shone between us and the land. A faint wind, like a tiny sigh, reached me from the receding shore line. I felt a strange thrill creep in my veins. Before I moved from my view of the shore, where a cloud bursting at its golden seams now framed the white buildings, I surged as if I were no longer myself . . . When I opened my eyes on the green air the island was gone from the dancing water. The air was cool and damp, like the wing of a moth, and my heart was folded in solitude.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

The Far Eastern Deadlock

THE key to peace in the Far East exists at the present time in America. That much is fairly certain. But it is doubtful whether anyone knows just where the key is to be found and whether anyone knows well enough what it looks like to recognize it if he stumbles upon it. The lock, however, is clear. It is the relations of Japan and America. For at present the relations of the United States to China and Siberia, so far as larger matters are concerned, are not direct but through Japan. There are two keys which are being tried which certainly will not fit; the third key we may call a statesmanlike policy, while admitting this to be the *x* whose value is to be found. The two courses most in evidence and most talked about, which are bound to result in making affairs worse, are buying Japan off and nagging her.

The policy of keeping peace between Japan and America by bribing Japan or buying her off has had of late a number of eminent representatives—though naturally they have not called their plea by these bald words in public—possibly not within the recesses of their own minds have they named it so frankly. The steps of the argument are these. Japan has a small territory and a large and rapidly increasing population; seven hundred thousand per annum has been the favorite propagandist figure. She also has a shortage of raw materials and of food supplies. An outlet of population is imperatively demanded. The "white" countries, having land to spare, refuse to admit the Japanese as immigrants. The alternative, necessary to the peace of the world, is expansion upon the continent of Asia and such command of the raw, natural resources of Asia as will enable Japan to develop stable industrialism at home, and increased industry that will take up the slack caused by increase of population. Japan, moreover, is an enterprising, efficient, educated modern nation, with capacity for organization, with respect for law and for government, with a reasonably honest civil service. She is, therefore, admirably suited to take up the Yellow Man's Burden in Siberia and China, countries where government is flouted and corrupt, and which are in no sense as yet fitted to become equal partners in the society of nations in either business or politics. Moreover, as respects China, there is unity of culture, some say of race; the Japanese understand the Orientals of Asia and what is good for them as no white race does—and so on to the end of the chapter.

The moral is clear. The world in general and America in particular should look with a benevolent neutrality upon the efforts of Japan to establish herself on the continent of Asia, whether in Siberia, Manchuria or Shantung. So speeches and articles

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always end with a vague plea for that desirable something called a sympathetic understanding of Japan and her serious problems, and with an assurance that, having been in Japan, the speaker or writer knows from personal intercourse with the real leaders of Japan that she desires above all things in the world the friendliest relations with the United States, and only waits the word from America to go ahead—upon just what course is not stated. There is usually also a vague intimation that Japan, being "a proud and sensitive nation," will arm and bring on war with the United States if she is pressed too hard and made desperate by lack of outlet and lack of necessary economic resources. Through the whole argument runs a subtle intimation that we can avoid all trouble with Japan by permitting or encouraging her to divert her energies into Asia. Sometimes there is an incidental suggestion that, as Japan will need foreign capital in her Asiatic expansion, the United States can with no trouble to herself come in also for part of the material rewards of such a course.

This is the policy which I call buying Japan off. Its chief significance is not due to the fact that it is advanced by men of some eminence in America —and also by certain Englishmen. It is significant because it reflects the propaganda so accurately that in reading it one gets to know the mind of official and commercial Japan. The visitor may think he has evolved this policy for himself. But anyone long resident in the Far East can almost guess the names of the persons that have been talked with, and can retrace every step of the confidential disclosures and the hesitant suggestions by which the eminent and much entertained foreign guest has been led to make his "discovery" of the way to enduring good relations between Japan and America.

The policy *is* adapted to keeping relations between Japan and America amicable for a time. It gives Japan what she wants, in comparison with which the Californian issue is a rattle for a baby. It relieves the United States of diplomatic anxieties for a time, and enables the stream of after-dinner speeches to continue in an increasing flood of gush. But from the standpoint of a settlement of the serious problems of the Far East it is a fraud. It represents an aggravation of the problems, the sure road to an ultimate unsettlement which may conceivably involve the whole world. Such matters as the claims of an unrestricted growth of population, due to a low standard of living and artificially stimulated by the government, to rule the fate of a continent may be passed over. So may the fact that the first and only official census taken by Japan shows the gain for the last year to be four instead of the seven hundred thousand always advertised.

We also glide over the fact that Shantung is already over-populated, and that Japanese make poor colonists for settling in undeveloped countries and bearing the hardships of Siberia or even Manchuria. We may even slur over the fact that there is already no obstacle to Japanese immigrants going into the unoccupied parts of Asia, as European immigrants go to Canada or the United States—namely as individuals and not as an advance guard of a foreign empire, emissaries of national aggression.

But we cannot pass over the accompaniments and consequences of this latter fact. The persons who repeat the plea of Japan for a free hand on the Asiatic continent, as a means of maintaining good relations and promoting order, efficiency and progress, overlook the fundamental fact of the situation. Japanese methods on the continent have been such as to arouse the profound distrust and hostility of every people with whom the Japanese have come into contact. This fact cannot be got out of the way by references to the backwardness and inefficiency of the native inhabitants. Admitting the most exaggerated statements made by apologists for Japan's course in regard to the administrative and economic superiority of the Japanese over the Chinese and Siberian Russians, it remains a fact that the operations of the Japanese upon the continent are of the exact nature which all over the world have sowed the seeds of ultimate war.

Americans may sometimes wonder in a perplexed way about the contrary reports and views of travellers in the Far East and conclude that the latter become pro- or anti-Japanese for temperamental or accidental reasons. Here is the explanation. Those who have not gone further than Japan realize Japan as a fact; the continent is still a place on the map, an impersonal factor in an intellectual calculation. Those who with eyes and ears half-open have stayed upon the continent realize the condition which has been created by Japanese methods. Apologists may more or less successfully explain away details one by one, accompanied by vague admissions of wrong deeds in the past committed by wicked militarists. But the vast continental fact remains. One may get himself to a point where his subconscious premise is that China and Russia *ought* to submit willingly to Japan on account of the latter's superiority. This is going far. But even if they ought, they won't. Because they won't, the peace of the Far East is subject to an explosion which may involve the world.

The other dominant fact in the situation is that the United States has no need of buying Japan off.

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British statesmen seem to feel differently about the need for the British Empire to become a tacit accomplice of Japan. It is arguable that they are guessing wrong. But, in any case, the United States, though she has the Philippines, has no India and no Hong-Kong. War deliberately entered into by Japan against the United States is unthinkable, as unthinkable as between the United States and Colombia. This extreme statement is made advisedly. Individuals in Japan commit hari-kari, but not the nation, and every intelligent person in Japan knows that for Japan an aggressive war with America would be national suicide. They did not know it before the last war; but then the demonstration was more than Euclidean in its rigor. When one thinks of how the United States was taxed in the last war, in spite of its railways, its financial resources and its raw materials, the idea of Japan, with its few narrow gauge railways, few forests, few mines, relatively few factories and shortage of food supply, waging a successful war with any first class industrial Power is simply silly.

At present, having spent her war gains in enterprises in China which are not yet remunerative, and in Siberia—where they will never be remunerative until Kolchak comes to life and successfully resurrects the Omsk government—and having increased her already burdensome taxation to the stretching point, Japan is on her back financially. If she gets control of the man-power and natural resources of the continent, the case will be different. But, short of that time, which, of course, is artificially hastened by encouraging Japan to exploit Asia for her own benefit, any war between Japan and America will be the result of a series of accidents due to drifting and not to the deliberate choice of the rulers of Japan. There is at least one exception to every "never." The exception in this case is that militarists threatened with downfall at home might try to restore their prestige and power by the last desperate gamble of war.

The fact that in order to save ourselves we do not need to buy Japan off, does not imply that we should treat her truculently or irritatingly. There is some danger of our adopting this policy, which will open no locks. I do not mean that we should ever adopt nagging deliberately as a policy; but failure to work out a clear constructive course may practically amount to it. Drifting and diplomatic opportunism making a separate issue out of every matter which comes up; never facing fundamental issues so as to arrive at an understanding regarding them, comes in the end to an irritating course of mutual pin-prickings and blockings which is the most dangerous of all courses. This seems to be the state of affairs into which we are getting, leaving principles in a twilight of purposeful ambiguity such as now exists about the Open Door and the Lansing-Ishii agreement. Dealing with each case of friction which arises, and which in reality comes under these principles, is the sure way to reduce our international relations to a kind of continuous subdued duel, with all the rancor and misunderstandings thereby generated.

Our true policy I have called *x*. It is not easily discoverable even as regards a statement in words, to say nothing of practical execution. But it does not lie in smooth and flattering words, which gloss over realities, any more than it does in spite, suspicion and nagging. Now is the time of all times to search for and enter upon a definite policy. Japan is practically isolated among the nations, and, what is more, she is beginning to realize it. She is also experiencing the sobering reaction that comes after a prolonged intoxication. She will be lucky, according to all accounts, if she gets off with her present depression, and does not come a greater smash. There is probably more talk about liberalism than there is effective reality; but there is a promising beginning of sentiment if not of active policy, especially in the younger generation. The talk is a sign of a new sensitiveness to the world's opinion.

Above all, Japan realizes her actual dependence upon the United States, a dependence rarely recognized in the United States because it is so out of all proportion to our dependence upon Japan. The dependence is not exhausted in the statistics of international markets and the fact that we are the customer who keeps her industries going. Japan realizes the extent to which her career in China is connected with the ideas and policies of America. She really needs the moral support of the United States to "go ahead" in any proper sense of that word.

Let me cite as evidence a fact which may not seem important but which, I am convinced, is of great import. Of late, Japanese liberals and Japanese Christians have made repeated, almost continuous, attempts to approach American missionaries and educators, and native Christians in China. They have insisted upon the reformed intentions of the present Japanese Ministry and have almost begged this element in China to take the lead in acting as mediators, appealing to every sentimental principle of good-will and Christian love. Now it is safe to say—and one does not rely wholly upon internal evidence—that this move is not directed primarily at China. China is still despised as weak, negligible. It is directed toward America. Japanese accusations against missionaries of misleading the Chinese and Koreans and stirring

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up trouble are mostly trumped up. But Japanese fear of the effects in the United States of the reports sent there by missionaries and Y. M. C. A. workers concerning the state of things in China and Korea, Siberia and Manchuria, is perfectly genuine. They estimate that the change of opinion about Japan which they know has taken place in America, the growing dislike of Japan as militaristic and ruthlessly imperialistic is largely due to this influence. They want, in effect, this body to act as mediators between Japan and the public opinion of the United States, having become seriously troubled by the growing power of the latter in the world in general and in China in particular.

In the search for an *x* of American policy which will be the key to the lock, there are certain known quantities. One is that every appeal to American sympathy on the ground of the growing liberalism of Japan should meet with neither credulity nor cynicism, but with a request to know what this liberalism is doing, especially what it is doing about China and Siberia. And we should not be content with generality; we should insist on details. Prominent among the details should be facts regarding what the great industrial and financial interests are actually doing in relation to the government at home and developments in China. What are the Okuras, the Misubishis, the Mitsuis, the Yokohama Specie Bank doing? It is all very well to talk about the power of militarism in Japan and the desire of the liberals to curb it; but there is no country in the world where financial interests are more concentrated, more powerful or in closer and more direct connection with the government. Why are these interests not using their power to curb and direct the policy of the government? Is it because, while deploring this policy for foreign consumption, they have striven to profit by it in China and Siberia?

One thing more. There are signs that the present Chinese government now recognizes that the Twenty-One demands and the treaties which grew out of them are more important than the Shantung decision, not because the latter is not important but because it is an effect of the former affair. This government is likely soon to approach the Japanese government with a request for cancellation of these treaties. The attitude of the Japanese government and people toward this request will be an acid test of their professions regarding a change of policy and heart. The public opinion of the United States ought to be thrown openly, unanimously and intelligently in support of the request. There is no possible settlement of the problem of the peace of the Far East till the slate is wiped clean of these treaties. Till they are out of the way, all professions of reform and better relations will only create new suspicions in China, and every act will be seen to be merely a manoeuvring for an improved strategic position. The first move in breaking the existing deadlock is to obliterate the treaties connected with the Twenty-One demands. Any sincere friend of Japanese liberalism will try to make it clear to his Japanese friends that this is the first step in effective Japanese-American cooperation, because it is the precondition of any act on the part of the United States which would not make us the guilty accomplice of Japan and a partner with Japan in the fear and dislike with which she is now regarded. The cancellation of everything connected with the Twenty-One demands is the only way to put the relations of Japan and China upon a friendly footing. Securing this friendly relation between these two Oriental countries should be the animating purpose of American opinion and action. Then the lock will begin to give.

JOHN DEWEY.

Peking.

Blue-Butterfly Day

It is blue-butterfly day here in spring,
And with these sky-flakes down in flurry on flurry
There is more unmixed color on the wing
Than flowers will show for days unless they hurry.

But these are flowers that fly and all but sing:
And now from having ridden out desire
They lie closed over in the wind and cling
Where wheels have freshly sliced the April mire.

ROBERT FROST.

St. Agnes' Morning

Between the dawn and the sun's rising
She could not sleep, so the blood stirred in her;
She could not sleep, and in the cold morning
Woke with the white curtains' stir.

Between the dawn and the river's flaming
She folded a curtain toward the sea,
And, bending, lifted silks together
In the cold light, dubiously.

In the cold air, pulsing the curtain,
She lifted silks; and let them fall.
In the wind she bent above them
Hearing their rustling musical.

Between the dawn and silver morning
She could not sleep, so the blood dinned
With the river's silver and the sea's silence
And the wind.

MAXWELL ANDERSON.

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CORRESPONDENCE

A Question of Japanese Spelling

SIR: There is so much patter on the subject of Japanese Art these days that it is rather disappointing to a serious student of the language and art of that country to encounter such an article as that written by Royall Snow in the New Republic of February 9th.

It is not worth while discussing here whether the concise and colorful imagery of Japanese poetry may not have influenced the "moderns" as much as, if not more than, the prints. The point which exasperates is a crude and apparently deliberate misspelling of Ukiyoye.

The word is made up of three Chinese characters, the first two of which mean "fleeting world" and the last, pronounced E, but transliterated sometimes as YE always means pictures. Mr. Snow will look in vain for the sound JE in any Japanese Dictionary. I wonder if he has ever looked into a Japanese Dictionary?

It is also a matter of interest to know that Ukiyoye is *not* the "Japanese word for the print art." It is the name of a school of art expressing itself sometimes in painting, sometimes in prints, and is correctly translated by Miss Lowell. No one of the three Chinese characters by which the word is written means prints. There are specific words for prints in the Japanese language, but Ukiyoye is not one of them.

The author is not alone, I am sorry to say, in his violation of the transliteration of Japanese phonetics. A similar error disfigures a recent English translation of one of Professor Petrucci's books.

CHARLES FABENS KELLEY.

Ohio State University.

An Answer from Mr. Snow

SIR: I should like to call the attention of Mr. Charles Fabens Kelley who, as a "serious student" of the Japanese language, protests against my article in the New Republic of February 9th, to the fact that my article pretended, not to be technical exposition of Japanese art, but to be a discussion of the effect of that art (as viewed by occidental eyes) on contemporary poetry. But as I understand Mr. Kelley he is raising two points of scholarship rather than challenging my main thesis.

I am first accused of being unacquainted with the Japanese Dictionary—an ignorance which I hurriedly admit. But I fail to see how even the most intimate and thorough knowledge of that doubtless useful work would assist me in understanding tendencies in contemporary English poetry. And in reading English works on Japanese art I have met no less than four spellings of the transliterated word to which Mr. Kelley objects: Ukiyoye, Ukiyo-ye, Ukioye, and Ukioje. If I have chosen the one most offensive to him I can only apologize.

The second point Mr. Kelley raises also has no bearing on the validity of my critical thesis. I cited the title of Miss Lowell's latest book as one of many evidences of her interest in the Japanese print. Whether the Japanese word from which that title is taken is properly applicable to the Japanese print alone (as I have reason to believe Miss Lowell thought it was) or is correctly applied only to a general school of art, in which the print holds a dominant place, makes little difference to any critic who does not see through the distorting lens of philology.

Moreover, with all due respect to Mr. Kelley, there is something to be said on the other side of the case. Ukiyoye artists indeed began with painting, but, to quote one authority (Brinkley: Japan, Its History, Art, and Literature, Vol. VII, Ch. I) "it was not till Moronobu employed the art of wood-engraving to bring the Ukiyo-ye within the reach of the masses, that the popular school began to assume a really important place." And since then the fates of the ukiyoye school and of the print have been so inextricably blended that I do not think I was misrepresenting when I said ukiyoye was the word for the print art. And there is corroborative evidence given by Professor Ernest F. Fenollosa (Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art, Vol. II, Ch. XVII). He is very careful to make clear that ukiyoye work exists independent of the print, but he says, in speaking of two later schools, "Both did interesting painting . . . but the work which gives them great fame is their finest development of the single sheet print from the bare outline sumi-ye, in which form Moronobu left it. This is Ukiyoye in its proper and most special sense."

ROYAL SNOW.

Queen's University, Canada.

A Quotation from Justice Holmes

SIR: Can you tell me where I can find the original of Justice Holmes's words: "Liberty of Contract begins where there is equality of bargaining power," used by you on page 330, second column, of your issue of February 16, 1921.

BERT FESLER.

Duluth, Minnesota.

[The exact quotation from Holmes will be found in his dissenting opinion in Coppage v. Kansas 236 U.S. 1, 26-27. Holmes in sustaining the validity of legislation prohibiting the dismissal of employees for membership in a union said: "In present conditions a workman not unnaturally may believe that only by belonging to a union can he secure a contract that shall be fair to him. . . . If that belief, whether right or wrong, may be held by a reasonable man, it seems to me that it may be enforced by law in order to establish the equality of position between the parties in which liberty of contract begins."—THE EDITORS.]

What Could Be Freer?

SIR: The evidences of our return to Free Speech are most remarkable—what could be freer than this:—A certain Mr. Archibald Stevenson in a review in the Times Sunday Book Review, February 13th, makes some tremendously free statements. In all the damning case he builds up against Professor Chafee there is no proof greater of the Professor's wilful ignorance than, to quote the reviewer, "it is unfortunate that the author has taken his 'facts' from such publications as the New York Call, the New Republic, the Nation and the Survey, instead of attempting to ascertain what actually transpired on the several occasions he describes." (This indeed makes the case a deep black for the Professor.) Mr. Stevenson takes a particularly strong stand against the author's statements concerning Palmer. He, the reviewer, admits himself to be in a better position to judge "the activities of the Department of Justice" than Professor Chafee as "the writer of this review was in personal charge of a considerable number of the incidents to which the author refers." I should like very much to hear, as long as we are advancing so far in Free Speech, just what Mr. Stevenson's "facts" are about Palmer. They might make interesting comparison. If to see a glimmer of truth in these Hundred Per Cent days—if to feel a twinge of shame and horror at certain existing conditions is to be ranked as "revolutionary" or "incorrigibly sentimental," under what category are the New Republic and its readers to fall?

JOAN BOYLE.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Aid to the Enemy

SIR: Are we less at war today than we were in November, 1919? If I am not mistaken it was at that time that the District Attorney stopped the strike of the coal miners by the issue of an injunction on the ground that we were still at war. On ground equally valid Mr. Palmer might today enter upon an orgy of arrests and penalties equal to his utmost ambitions, for brazenly, and in the face of all the world, the whole of America is, on an unheard-of scale, and with unprecedented lavishness, giving aid and comfort to the enemy. The only person in America today who is not technically as much of a traitor as Debs himself, is the skin-flint and the miser, and it is more than probable that on investigation Mr. Palmer himself would prove to be liable to arrest and imprisonment for giving ten dollars to the Hoover Fund.

Would the kind souls who today are exerting themselves to feed the children of their enemies be able to look with greater toleration on the Reds still suffering for technical violations of the law, if they realized that they themselves shared their culpability and that nothing could do them greater honor?

Short Hills, New Jersey. MARY KELSEY.

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After the Play

THERE is no harm that I know of in dividing people into those who grow purely glorious when they take their seats after the play has started, and those others from whose glory—although they too may taste a pleasure in their conspicuousness, in the demonstrated lateness of their dinner hour, in the privilege of discommoding a few inferior strangers—the curse is partly removed by a sense of shame. How innocent and how untainted, on the other hand, is the satisfaction of arriving—unremarked in a darkened house—late at a movie melodrama! How intellectual the joy of trying to overcome one's handicap and to catch up with the plot!

The other afternoon, when we arrived at a Third Avenue movie too late for the beginning of The Pagan God, the words on the screen told us that meanwhile the great Mongolian tide was flowing on and on. Clearly not, as the pictures almost at once revealed, a tide too full for sound or foam. On the contrary. Somewhere in China a conspiracy was hatching, a rebellion was being fomented, innate distrust of the Foreign Devils was being stimulated, intensified, directed, disciplined. The arch-fomenters were two—Tai, a young woman of great personal and political charm, an aggressive and dominant personality, the Scion—I think—of a Noble House; and a young man, the Scion of Another Noble House, in love with Tai. Let us call him, since his name has escaped me, The Rival. If the rebellion should succeed Tai would rule a vast Mongolian Empire. She would need a Consort. Together they would doom to death all the intruding Foreign Devils, whom already a sinister and inscrutable and minacious hatred was beginning to circumclude.

But stay! There is one Foreign Devil who in the eyes of one of these arch-conspirators is a Foreign Angel, and no hair of whose head she would suffer her followers to hurt. Tai loves Winship, whom she has persuaded to enter her service, and who is drilling young Chinamen against the day when the best rebel in the ranks will be he who shoots straightest. Winship does not love Tai. He loves Beryl, daughter of the Collector of Chinese Antiquities. Then why did he enter Tai's service? Why is he working for the rebel cause? Why has he, a white man, enrolled himself with those who plan to slaughter his race? Reader, you have guessed the truth. Winship is a spy. It is to spy out the rebellion, to nip it in the bud, to save his race, that he deserts a minor post, under a white chief Months ago—we see it all in Winship's memory picture—a High Official in his own country offered him dangerous work in China. To this offer of certain danger, probable dishonor and possible death, Winship replied, in words so nobly simple that perhaps you and I have sometimes imagined ourselves uttering them, "When do I start?" The High Official had not finished. Winship might have to sever the dearest ties of affection, to act like a cad and a renegade. "When do I start?" If he got caught his Government would be forced to disown him, to leave him unprotected, to toss him to the raging wolves. "When do I start?"

Clearly a young man to put one's money on? So say we all, all except Beryl. This unsophisticated young woman, as soon as Winship announces his determination to enter Tai's service, fails him. She returns his engagement ring. Ah, Beryl, Beryl, how could you? Have you not learned, at the play or from novels, that a young fellow-countryman, a vision of manly beauty, who combines an apparent frankness about his plans with a blend of cynicism and reticence about his motives, may be—must be—secreting motives of the highest known class? Yet you are not content to fail him once. You fail him a second time. Later, up-country, just after he has saved your life and your father's, and you are almost ready to let Winship give you that engagement ring again, and Tai, the all-seeing, essays to muss things up by more or less undressing and then strolling, illicitly at ease, into the room where you and Winship are, do you not leap to the conclusion that Tai is Winship's—no, I cannot utter the ugly word. It is not uttered in The Pagan God. But I ask myself, bitterly, why the purest young thing in sight can always be trusted to infer the worst, without inquiry?

How different the metal of which Tai is made! She loves, and loves hard, but she does not forget that she has a public service, from her point of view, to perform. When The Rival frames up Winship, accuses him of stealing a small portable Buddha, on a scroll within which the names of all the main conspirators are inscribed, Tai is visibly torn by conflicting emotions. The Rival threatens her with disaster to their rebellion unless she says that Winship stole the Buddha, unless she leaves him to his fate. And Tai, after an agonizing struggle between Love and Duty, does The Rival's bidding. This woman's Public Spirit, made of iron, enters the furnace of her Love, is tried there, and comes out steel. This is my idea of a noble character, with flint in it.

It is either not Winship's idea of a noble character or not his idea of marriagable young womanhood. He shoots The Rival, the rebellion collapses, Tai kills herself. In a garden, not too grossly lighted, Winship and Beryl renew their engagement, and a sense of flatness and desolation goes with me out of the theatre. Is it true that any young white girl, however insipid and suspicious, is to be preferred, by any young white man, before a creature so full of life and plans as Tai, so ambitious, conspiratorial, active-minded and public-spirited? I cannot believe such a rule is universally true, cannot look upon such an ending as 100 per cent happy.

How can we be certain that Winship and Tai, as Queen and Consort, might not in their vast Mongolian Empire have fleeted the time as carelessly as they did in the golden world, and as innocently? Under his influence she would have turned from opium to tea. Together they would have visited beautiful places, the Western Lake, the Yellow Springs. Together they would have journeyed to the K'un-lun range, looking for the Western Mother's Court. Listening together, albeit a little against custom, and hearing nothing but the altar-bell, they would have sought Dhyâna in some hill monastry. They would have drunk Lan-ling wine together, with borage in it. Taught by her, his senses would have been refined. Not so acutely as the Chinese hear and see, but more acutely than ever before, more acutely than all but a few occidentals, Winship would have found a growing and discriminating pleasure in sights and sounds. The mango-bird's long scream, the rain dropping from tall bamboos, shadow-patterns on the jasper terrace, the winter-plum in blossom—Tai would have taught his heart to discriminate impressions such as these. Little by little she would have given him a heart that watches and receives.

And even suppose Tai had not kept her oath—the one she swore when he promised, meaning to break his promise, to be her true and lawful Consort—suppose she had broken it and killed a few foreigners now and then? Are we never to have a hero who can live happily in sin?

Q. K.

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The Surplus Woman

The Lost Girl, by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

SO far as love is concerned, especially sex love, our novelists may be compared to astrologers. They are handling a theme elevated by sentiment and idealism and inwound with egoism, and it seems practically impossible for them to do anything with the theme except to coddle it. They speak of an undifferentiated thing called "love" as if the word had a clear meaning; and naturally the word soaks up the color with which each reader is saturated. If there is a profound contradiction between the writer's intention and the reader's susceptibility, the reader finds that his own color won't soak, and he says he "doesn't like" the writer. But this sort of acceptance or rejection is fortuitous.

We must soon or late see the relativity of this word love, which has millions of meanings, and we must narrow the field of misconception by enlarging our vocabulary. The same word cannot intelligibly be used to cover the relations of Romeo and Juliet, Anthony and Cleopatra, Hamlet's mother and Hamlet's father, Hamlet's mother and Hamlet's uncle. When an enlarged and refined vocabulary is worked out in these matters, and a new word, for example, is found for such an experienced re-arrangement as the union of Hamlet's mother and Hamlet's uncle, the priggishness of a person like Hamlet in holding up the second choice in contrast to the first will be properly revealed. A great part of contemporary social hypocrisy in England and America is due to the implication that marriage, an arrangement largely social, is always or even usually accommodated to the variegations and necessities of love. Whatever kind of insurgence and responsiveness one means by love, it has its own laws regardless of the imperiousness of marriage; and on the far-famed continent of Europe the imperiousness of marriage has gradually been reduced both by males and females to something that suits the human disposition rather better than a strait waistcoat. The well-fed youth of England and America, incidentally, are at the present time experimenting with love in a fashion that the elder astrologers think is terrific. Perhaps it is terrific. But a generation that gave five or six out of the seven million killed in the war cannot be expected to live according to the maxims of Martin Tupper and Queen Victoria. A totally new conception of marriage and love might so be devised that we should lose all our old notions in gaining a definite understanding of what our tolerable cravings and yearnings and aspirings really are.

A novel like The Lost Girl is a direct incitement to these observations. For Lawrence, with certain limits, is a peculiarly unsentimental or anti-sentimental artist in the field where sentiment does preclude understanding. I do not really like most of the little I have read of Lawrence. In his report of people and their relations to one another he is extremely intense and sinewy, and he leaves out all the nice, easy, pleasant, inconsequential passages that do relieve the tension and relax the sinews. Lawrence seems to me to be always wrestling inside, and yet to have painful and distressing adhesions. He seems to me to be angular, acrid and heroic. His people always appear to need each other badly, and to miss each other by inches, and to manage life as if they were staggering blindfolded through a crazy Virginia reel. But with this slight accent on Mr. Lawrence's apparent proclivity for unhappiness and his insistence on human aberrance, it must in substance, fascinating in background and powerful in its discernments.

The "lost girl," Alvina, is plumped down in that sour England of which Clayhanger and The Mummer's Wife have spoken—an England with which D. H. Lawrence is rather impatient. He traces the decline of the Manchester House, owned by Alvina's father, with a kind of contemptuous resentment, and yet he does not altogether deride the man responsible for it. James Houghton is a thin-spun elegant dreamer who tried to impose "robes" and fine silks on the barbarous mining town of Woodhouse. In his transition from his grand shop to half a shop remaining from the tailor and haberdasher, and later quarter of a shop remaining from the grocer, he has the presence and aid of a capable forceful woman, Miss Frost, and a deep shock-absorber, Miss Pinnegar, and his fine-grained daughter Alvina. Houghton's wife is simply his emotional pensioner, retired forever to an invalidic room over the shop. On his way down in the world he dreams wilder and wilder dreams—until he winds up with most of his resources in a cinema theatre, with Alvina playing the piano and a plump little American as manager, especially interested in clinging to the legitimacies of intermittent vaudeville.

Alvina's nature is illustrated both by her surprising excursion to become a maternity nurse in London, (where the doctors pinch her haunches, as doctors are always supposed to, in maternity hospitals), and her surprising return to the quiescence and inertia of her home town. In this town, where her father is too elegant and too unsuccessful to be in any given social set, she has practically no chance to meet marriageable men. But in a mild way she dangles an Australian, a returned South African and even the American. The man home from South Africa, with a wooden soul, she almost takes. "For the fear of being an old maid, the fear of her own virginity, was really gaining on Alvina. There was a terrible sombre futility, nothingness, in Manchester House." But deadly as her panic is, "all Alvina's desperate and profligate schemes and ideas fell to nought before the inexorable in her nature. And the inexorable in her nature was highly exclusive and selective, an inevitable negation of looseness or prostitution. Hence men were afraid of her—of her power, once they had committed themselves."

But Alvina loses herself. To the cinema theatre comes a foreign troupe of interesting youths under a clever Frenchwoman, and one of these youths is an inscrutable Italian with yellow eyes. Mr. Lawrence is old-fashioned in his portrayal of this youth's silent romantic charm. Ciccio is perilously near a standardized product of romance with his black-set, tawny eyes, his powerful body, his derisive smile, his heavy mesmeric influence. But Alvina beholds in him "the sphinx, and she between its paws." He is a despised foreigner, among these northern industrial people. He is cheap and over-dressed and strange. But she finds him dark and insidious and bewitching. With only a glance from him, and with his peasant muteness to mystify and benumb her, she submits herself to him—"she felt extinguished."

When it is certain that there is no money, no fortune, with her, Ciccio does not want particularly to marry her, and she leaves the troupe abruptly to find a happy security in an appointment as a nurse. But before she consummates her engagement to the resonant benevolent tiresome Scotch doctor, Ciccio turns up with his desire to marry her mani-

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fested, and her extinction is then completed. She goes with him to the Abruzzi, to his primitive family farm in the fastnesses of the mountains.

This transition has in it a challenging novelty for Lawrence, and he soars to it in a spirit nowhere exhibited in the English part of the book. The icy mountain heights, where the flesh is flayed and exalted, arouses the poet in Lawrence, and he imagines Alvina and Ciccio in the barren discomfort of their cold farmhouse with superb command of the scene. There is no conclusion. Alvina is with child when Ciccio leaves her to go to the war. Is he leaving her forever? Is he really a stranger to her? A tatter of hope is left with her at the end.

The beauty of this story for D. H. Lawrence is possibly connected with the tragic determinism of love. He flings this case of Alvina in the face of an England full of surplus women, and he finds extraordinary and wonderful the woman who can support the insupportable, can cross oceans and mountains in an answer to her thoroughgoing self. This is part, certainly, of its eloquence. But Lawrence is no moralist, and this is only one of the answers that Alvina might have made. Apart from the great charm and understanding of his ending chapters, I find The Lost Girl mainly affecting not because Alvina is mesmerized, which is unpleasant, but because her escape from virginity is viewed unsentimentally. Others in the story, Miss Frost and Miss Pinnegar, aimed at no such escape, and had full careers. Mrs. Tuke is married and yet trammeled. But Lawrence does vigorously dramatize the situation of the surplus woman to whom sex is urgent.

In bringing all his men from distances Lawrence has a kind of romanticism. There is something in him as well as in his heroine that asks for the indirect and the exotic. But this capriciousness is only one element in the author of The Lost Girl. It does not prevent his poignant grasp of the contrast between primitive and complex natures in this searching work of art.

F. H.

William James as Reviewer

Collected Essays and Reviews, by William James. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Annotated Bibliography of the Writings of William James, by Ralph Barton Perry. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

IN a recent issue of the New Republic, P. L., writing of James's Letters, points out what a master of literary criticism the world has lost in James. Now we have his Collected Essays and Reviews to remind us that he was no less great as a philosophical reviewer. This is not said with any intention of underrating the articles which have been republished in this volume. Professor Perry has done a service to all students of James's thought by making conveniently accessible some of the early psychological studies which James published while he was engaged in the writing of his Principles of Psychology, and which were either but partially absorbed into that work, or which present an early form of the theory subsequently adopted. A more than merely historical interest belongs especially to two articles in this volume, viz., the article on What is an Emotion? (1884) and the article on Philosophical Conceptions and Practical Results. The former contains the first statement of the well-known theory of Emotion, the fame for which James shares with Lange. The second launched Pragmatism on its career.

But it is as a reviewer, above all, that James lives in these pages. All the qualities which endear him to students of philosophy are displayed here at their very best—his unfailing felicity of phrase, his wit, his gay humor, his unconventional aliveness, his wide and catholic sympathy, his quick apprehension, his vigor in praise or blame, his rich and ample mind. How refreshing it is to find James bursting out against G. H. Lewes's "damnable iteration," or likening certain persistent problems to "vermin, not to be conquered by any logical insect powder or philosophic comb."

None can speak more vividly than he of the "heaving tides of man's inquisitiveness," or more scornfully of "bald-headed and bald-hearted young aspirants for the Ph. D.," who transmute the quest for philosophical insight into the pedantries of a thesis. There is an early paper on Spencer's Definition of Mind which reads like an epitome of the whole of James's later philosophy. Written in 1878, it emphasizes the teleological concept of mind as active and interested which kept James, for all his love of physiological explanations, from becoming a "mechanist" and a "determinist." There is the answer to Naturalism: "The deepest meaning of the world is moral." There is the experimental and pragmatic note in the proposal to decide between two views by finding out which "in the long run works best." There is the assertion that "the knower is an actor," that "he helps to make the truth," being in the game and not a mere looker-on. But this is at once followed by the point which pragmatists have often been accused of neglecting, viz., that "the only objective criterion of reality is coerciveness, in the long run, over thought."

The earliest review here reprinted was written in 1869, the last in 1909. Throughout these forty years James's mind retained its youthfulness and elasticity, its keen interest in and appetite for every new movement. He never settled into a groove, never allowed his thoughts to harden into a system. His appreciation, in 1885, of Royce's "new and original proof of idealism" is as keen as his delight in Papini's Italian form of Pragmatism in 1906. No respect for scientific orthodoxies ever prevented him from supporting psychical research, the facts and theories of which have in him an acute but also constructive critic. From Renan's Dialogues to Nordau's Degeneration, from Chauncey Wright to Bradley and Bergson, from the Consciousness of Lost Limbs to the Mad Absolute, from Laura Bridgman to Mrs. Piper—he touches no subject which he does not adorn.

Professor Perry has done his work as editor well—though some misprints have escaped his vigilant eye—and supplemented it with an accurate and eminently useful Bibliography. The Notes there appended to nearly every title give a concise summary of contents, as well as cross-references to other works of James.

If Royce's thought bore deeply the impress of German Idealism, James was conscious of his affiliation with the English tradition. "I sincerely believe," he wrote in 1898, "that the English spirit in philosophy is intellectually, as well as practically and morally, on the saner, sounder, and truer path." By this English spirit he meant bringing home to himself the meaning of all concepts in terms of first-hand personal experience, of sensation, of feeling, of action. It is this which makes all his argument so eminently human, so full of the joy of adventure and discovery, so fearless of life. But it is this, also, which kept him ever aware

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of all there is in life which the best formula leaves unexpressed: "Truth's fulness is elusive; ever not quite, not quite!" Thus a philosopher's life seemed to him to consist of "postponed achievements," and we know from his letters that he was conscious at the end of not having uttered his whole message. But we who follow in his footsteps and are heartened by his courage in our common quest, would not have it otherwise. Had he succeeded in fixing a "mental ring" round the universe, his philosophy would soon be little more than a specimen in our text-books. As it is, to read James is intellectually to renew one's youth.

R. F. A. H.

Creative Chemistry

Creative Chemistry, by Edwin E. Slosson. New York: The Century Company.

"THE story of Robinson Crusoe is an allegory of human history. Man is a castaway upon a desert planet, isolated from other inhabited worlds—if there be any such—by millions of miles of untraversable space. He is absolutely dependent upon his own exertions, for this world of his, as Wells says, has no imports except meteorites and no exports of any kind. Man has no wrecked ship from a former civilization to draw upon for tools and weapons, but must utilize as best he may such raw materials as he can find. In this conquest of nature by man there are three stages distinguishable:

1. The Appropriative Period
2. The Adaptive Period
3. The Creative Period

"These eras overlap, and the human race, or rather its vanguard, civilized man, may be passing into the third stage in one field of human endeavor while still lingering in the second or first in some other respect. But in any particular line this sequence is followed. The primitive man picks up whatever he can find available for his use. His successor in the next stage of culture shapes and develops this crude instrument until it becomes more suitable for his purpose. But in the course of time man often finds that he can make something new which is better than anything in nature or naturally produced. The savage discovers. The barbarian improves. The civilized man invents. The first finds. The second fashions. The third fabricates. . . .

"Cain, or whoever it was first slew his brother man, made use of a stone or stick. Afterward it was found a better weapon could be made by tying the stone to the end of the stick, and as murder developed into a fine art the stick was converted into the bow and this into the catapult and finally into the cannon, while the stone was developed into the high explosive projectile. . . .

"The first idol was doubtless a meteorite fallen from heaven or a fulgurite or concretion picked up from the sand, bearing some slight resemblance to a human being. Later man made gods in his own image, and so sculpture and painting grew until now the creations of futuristic art could be worshipped—if one wanted to—without violation of the second commandment, for they are not the likeness of anything that is in heaven above or that is in the earth beneath or that is in the water under the earth. . . .

"In the later or creative stages we enter the domain of chemistry, for it is the chemist alone who possesses the power of reducing a substance to its constituent atoms and from them producing substances entirely new. . . .

". . . Organic chemistry, that is, the chemistry of the carbon compounds, so called because it was formerly assumed, as Gerhardt says, that they could only be formed by 'vital force' or organized plants and animals, has taken a development far overshadowing inorganic chemistry, or the chemistry of mineral substances. Chemists have prepared or know how to prepare hundreds of thousands of such 'organic compounds,' few of which occur in the natural world. . . .

"Science and Christianity are at one in abhorring the natural man and calling upon the civilized man to fight and subdue him. The conquest of nature, not the imitation of nature, is the whole duty of man. Metchnikoff and St. Paul unite in criticizing the body we were born with. St. Augustine and Huxley are in agreement as to the eternal conflict between man and nature. In his Romanes lecture on 'Evolution and Ethics' Huxley said: 'The ethical progress of society depends, not on imitating the cosmic process, still less on running away from it, but on combatting it,' and again: 'The history of civilization details the steps by which man has succeeded in building up an artificial world within the cosmos.'

"There speaks the true evolutionist, whose one desire is to get away from nature as fast and far as possible. Imitate Nature? Yes, when we cannot improve upon her. Admire Nature? Possibly, but be not blinded to her defects. Learn from Nature? We should sit humbly at her feet until we can stand erect and go our own way. Love Nature? Never! She is our treacherous and unsleeping foe, ever to be feared and watched and circumvented, for at any moment and in spite of all our vigilance she may wipe out the human race by famine, pestilence or earthquake and within a few centuries obliterate every trace of its achievement. . . .

". . . . In the ancient drama it was deus ex machina that came in at the end to solve the problems of the play. It is to the same supernatural agency, the divinity in machinery, that we must look for the salvation of society. It is by means of applied science that the earth can be made habitable and a decent human life made possible. Creative evolution is at last becoming conscious."

The above quotation may appear unseemly long, but no words of the reviewer could better convey the fundamental idea, the obvious intent, and the masterful style of the author of Creative Chemistry. The quotation is a portion of the first chapter, which, like some prefaces, is better read at the end of the book.

There is no question but that to the average layman chemistry is the science of analysis, of tearing down, of prying into; that the chemist is one hired by the state or nation to test foods for adulteration, soils for infertility, water for pollution. The layman doesn't think of the chemist as a creator. This is because the analytic phase of chemistry has been brought to his attention far more frequently than the synthetic. It so happens that the great majority of the problems brought to the chemists of the state agricultural experiment stations, the city food and drug laboratories, and the various federal laboratories, are of a nature that requires analytical processes. And since for obvious reasons tax payers are kept better informed of the results and activities of tax-supported institutions than they are of the industrial and university laboratories, where most of the synthesizing chemists are employed, it follows that creative chemistry is almost unknown or unrealized by the average reader.

Then came the war. Its chemical problems were mostly synthetic; substances of all sorts had to be created—drugs, explosives, steels, fabrics, dyes—and in unprecedented quantities. The creative chemist became a popular idol; he was beseeched for stronger explosives, more vicious gases, more abundant sugar. And coupled with this increase in the popular recognition of the creative chemist there was

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a very apparent demand for more knowledge concerning him. Many minor attempts at supplying this demand have been made, but Dr. Slosson's book is distinctly a major attempt, and it is bound to prove to be an unqualifiedly successful attempt.

It is notoriously difficult for a scientist to write good reading, or for a literary man to write good science. Slosson is a born writer and a born chemist (or are writers and chemists created?) and as a result his work is as fascinating as a novelist's. As Frank Crane has said, Creative Chemistry is alive because its author has creative imagination. His general knowledge is broad, his chemical knowledge is profound and exact, and his viewpoint is one that designates man's place in nature in a not ordinary way.

The worst that can be said for the book is that there are frequent typographical errors in the chemical formulae; that, although the humor is generally fine and clever, the wit is often tawdry; and that conservative readers will not care to accept Slosson's sweeping condemnation of nature and her ways. Nor will everyone concur in his belief that the Philippines should be retained because they could be made to grow our rubber. Again, it is disconcerting to see several pages devoted to the vindication of gas warfare and to have it pointed out that America has argued against its prohibition at two Hague conventions at least. And we do not quite know how to take the author when he says, in speaking of the attempt to rule out poisons in warfare, "We Americans, if ever we give our assent to such an agreement, would of course keep it, but our enemy—whoever he may be in the future—will be, as he always has been, utterly without principle, and will not hesitate to employ any weapon against us."

There are chapters on coal tar products; synthetic nitrogen compounds for fertilizers and for explosives; perfumes and flavors; cellulose and its derivatives; plastics; "the race for rubber"; "the rival sugars"; corn products; gas warfare; graphite, carborundum, and high temperatures; metals and alloys. Then there is appended a most excellent list of reference reading in the field of applied chemistry. There is profit, pleasure, and food for thought in the perusal of Creative Chemistry.

J. J. Williams.

Persian Poetry

Early Persian Poetry from the beginnings down to the time of Firdausi, by A. V. Williams Jackson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

ORIENTAL poetry—at least Oriental poetry that belongs to the Aryan family—is, as one gathers, mainly in verse forms that recall the most conventional measures in English. Such verse-forms, one supposes, might be reproduced by:

> Had we never loved so blindly,
> Had we never loved so kindly,
> Never met, nor never parted,
> We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

This closeness to the conventional in our own poetry makes a trap for the translator. He is likely to be carried by his delight in the original into too close a reproduction in translation. Unless he has taken as much thought for metrical effect as he has for scholarly accomplishment he will give us reminiscences of Thomas Moore.

In translations from the Persian this impediment has more than once been surmounted. Edward Fitzgerald created a form that had novelty for his versions of Omar. Professor Browne has been able to flash upon us the wonderful imagery of Hafiz in his prose translations of some of the great odes. But it has to be said of the translations in this latest volume on Persian poetry that they have not the hard-won distinction that is the door through which we pass into the chamber of poetry; Professor Williams Jackson has translated fine poems, and he has translated them with spirit, but the medium he uses belongs to the Moore tradition, and it is thin and conventional.

Professor Williams Jackson's Ancient Persian Poetry, however, is not an anthology; it is a piece of literary history. As such it has the rare virtue of enthusiasm—of an enthusiasm that can communicate itself. One knows that Professor Williams Jackson has thrilled to hear the nightingale sing to the roses in that land whose history is but the story of kings and poets; one knows that he has looked upon the slender cypress knowing all the images that it has evoked; that he has listened to the note of the Persian wood-pigeon, and breathed the fragrance of the Persian narcissus. All this gives feeling to his studies and leads the reader to sympathize warmly with the story he unfolds—the uplifting of the Spirit of Iran to its victorious utterance in the proud and heroic epic of Firdausi. For although the volume is called Ancient Persian Poetry, and although it begins with one of the rapt utterances of the ancient Zarathustra—can we call him Zoroaster since his re-incarnation?—what the volume is really concerned with is the resurrection of the Aryan spirit after the Semitic conquest of Persia in the seventh century.

"The Moslem conquest," says Professor Williams Jackson, "meant to Persia in many respects what the Norman conquest meant to England." The composition of the Shah Nameh in the tenth century must have meant something like the composition of the Canterbury Pilgrims—a registering of the fact that the conquest was, in a great measure, repealed. The Zoroastrian spirit in Persia had again a triumph. Between the poet Abbas, who forsook Arabic for the new Persian in 809, to Firdausi a host of poets is noted and recounted by Professor Jackson, and of these Rudagi, Dakiki and Farrukhi emerge as having the utterance of great poets. We are accustomed to thinking of the poets of Persia as being Anacreontic largely. But when we read such a poem as Farrukhi's Branding Ground we are brought far away from the rose garden, the wine-cup and the cup-bearer; in this poem there is movement, the open air, virility, acrid domination. Rudigi is to be remembered for his lament on old age—one of the memorable utterances on that tragic theme. And who would willingly forget the name of Dakiki—with whom there is an interesting comparison with Marlowe—after knowing his quatrain:

> Of all things good and evil in this world,
> Dakiki's choice is given to these four:
> The ruby lip, the lute's sad melody,
> The blood-red wine, and Zoroaster's lore.

Firdausi is the hero of Professor Williams Jackson's book, and we are made excited about the struggles, the achievement and the disaster of the great poet of a thousand years ago—the poet who both expressed and created the national spirit of Iran. The account of him is thrilling even as a story. At the end we hear of the poet returning from exile to his home in his ninetieth year, and dying of a broken heart on hearing a child in the market

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place repeat verses from the terrible satire he had made on his former patron, the Shah Mahmud.

Professor Williams Jackson's account of Persian poetry ends with Firdausi, and leaves us centuries away from the epoch of Hafiz and the great Persian mystics, who in another way tried to raise the Aryan spirit from the bonds that still hampered its free spirituality. Perhaps we are to have another volume of this fascinating literary history. Would it be pertinent to suggest that an interest in free verse experiments might help Professor Williams Jackson towards giving us translations that would be free of a convention now terribly down at heel?

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